

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

# PLUCK AND LUCK

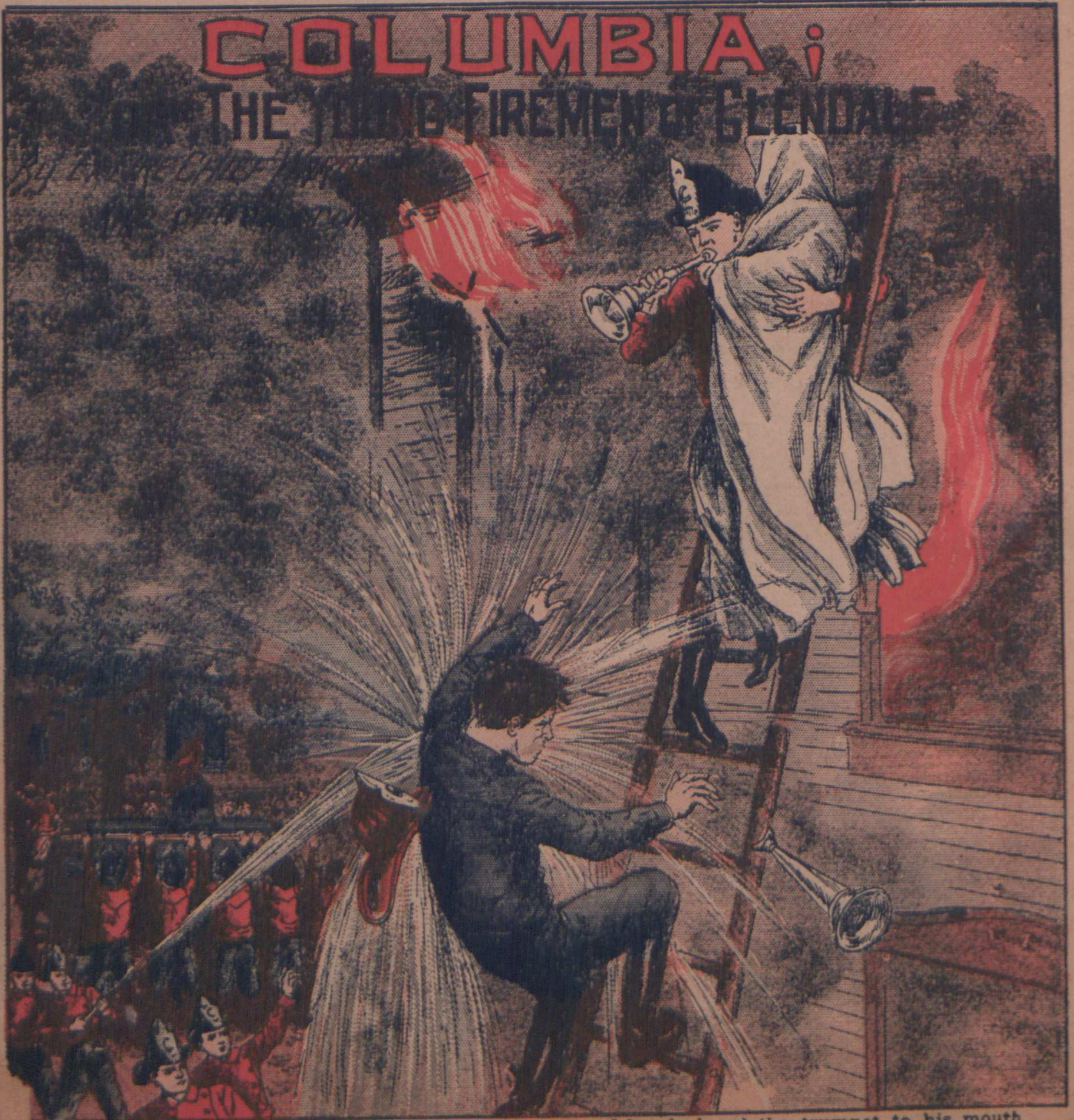
## STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, INC., 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 1340

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1924

Price 8 Cents



Bob leaned against the ladder, and with his disengaged hand placed the trumpet to his mouth  
"Knock the fool off!" he cried, and Columbia turned her stream of water upon  
the foreman of Glendale, taking him in the body







# PLUCK AND LUCK

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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## COLUMBIA

### OR, THE YOUNG FIREMEN OF GLENDALE

By EX-FIRE-CHIEF WARDEN

#### CHAPTER I.—Glendale—The New Fire Company—The Rescue.

Glendale was a young town at the time of which we write not a thousand miles from the city of New York. Its fine position in the heart of a rich agricultural country gave it a very sudden importance in the eyes of capitalists when the railroad reached it. The result was, it soon became a young city, and began to put on city airs. Hotels went up, fine churches were built, and bar-rooms found places on almost every corner. Many rich families moved in from other and older cities, bringing with them the refinement of well established society. The sudden rise in the price of real estate made many poor families rich. They aped the airs of their rich neighbors who had moved in from other cities, and sought in vain to get into the charmed circle of their society. But their early education had been neglected, and their polish was put on too late to deceive any one.

One day, at a town meeting, Judge Graham, one of the aristocrats of the town, made a fine speech to the people, and suggested that they were big enough to be a city.

"That's so," said one of the rough old settlers of the early days of Glendale. "Hurrah for the city!"

"We should apply for a charter and become a city," continued the judge. "Have a mayor and aldermen, policemen, and a fire department, just as they have in New York."

"That's the racket!" cried an old settler, whose real estate had made him feel like he could afford to live in a city. "Hang the old town! Give us a city!"

"Hurrah for the city!" yelled another. "No more country greenhorn for me!"

The result was the town meeting empowered the judge to make application to the Legislature for a charter incorporating the town of Glendale into a city. The Legislature promptly granted the charter. The citizens went to work and elected Judge Graham the first mayor. In fact, they let the judge manage the whole thing for them. They were not used to such things, so they voted for those men whom he suggested would make good aldermen.

Of course he selected men of property who were in his own aristocratic circle of society, and thus the whole city government was in the hands of the wealthy newcomers. The old rough settlers of the place were ignored altogether. But the honest fellows were so proud of their young city that they did not notice the very aristocratic features of it. They were too happy to find fault.

The council met and elected as policemen men who could not have been elected to any position by the people. But no notice was taken of that. Everybody cheered the policemen when they appeared in their new uniforms and helmets. Glendale was swelling with pride. One day a big fire came. A dozen houses were enveloped in flames. The destruction was terrible. The smoking ruins were a terrible reminder that all cities must have a fire department if they would have less destructive fires. The smoke had not cleared away ere a call was issued to organize a fire company. Gus Graham, the mayor's son, was at the head of it. Gus was a dashing, haughty, kid-gloved kind of a young man, who held the poorer young men of Glendale in utter contempt. But with the "upper crust" society he was extremely popular, and as soon as it was known that he was going to organize a fire company all the young men of his circle rushed forward to join. In a few hours his list was full—all young bloods whose fathers were aldermen, bankers, or merchants.

The young men who worked for the bread they ate were left out altogether. They were told that the list was full whenever any of them applied for admission to the company. One of the city payers mentioned it as a "swell affair," and hoped it would do good service to the town when occasion required. They met, organized by electing Gus Graham foreman, and adopting the name of "Glendale Fire Company," and called the engine "Glendale."

The engine came from New York in due course of time. It was the old style hand-engine—worked by hand instead of steam—and was a beauty to look at. Thousands of the good people of Glendale turned out to meet and cheer the young firemen as they pulled the engine through the streets of the town, with the hook and ladder team behind it. It was a big day for Glendale, and she made



the most of it. The day's proceedings wound up with a firemen's ball in the evening, at which the young swells of both sexes monopolized everything.

One day another fire broke out, and everybody ran to see how the new engine and the boys would behave. The Glendale rushed up with a hurrah and got into position. With twelve men at the pump a stream of water was started. Gus Graham was everywhere with his trumpet, making more noise than any dozen men on the ground. Somehow or other the flames seemed to laugh at the puny stream of water, and went on devouring the building like a hungry Dutchman going for a pretzel. Suddenly the face of a young girl was seen at a third-story window. It was pale and despairing in look. A cry of horror went up from the crowd, for it was thought that everybody had escaped from the building.

"The ladder!" shrieked Gus Graham through his trumpet. "Bring the ladder!"

Amid the greatest excitement, such as Glendale had never seen before, the ladder was brought. But the young bloods were not equal to the task of raising it to the window as quickly as some people in the crowd thought they ought to have done, so several rushed forward to aid them.

"Back! Back! Out of the way!" shouted Graham fiercely, striking several with his trumpet.

One of the young men who sprang forward to assist in raising the ladder to the window, where the young girl was still standing, was Bob Akers. Bob was a carpenter who had come to Glendale the year before from New York. He was just twenty-one, and as lithe and sinewy as a young tiger. Being a carpenter, he knew all about handling ladders, and in a moment it swung into place. He had not heard Gus Graham's fierce order to get back. He felt the blow of the trumpet on his shoulder, but thought it was something falling from the burning building. The moment the ladder was in position one of the firemen sprang on the rounds and began to climb up. But such climbing! He had probably never climbed anything but a flight of stairs in his life. When some twenty feet from the ground a volume of smoke swept across the ladder and enveloped the fireman. His name was Leonard Hope. As the smoke struck him he let go his hold and dropped to the ground, alighting on his feet like a cat. Another fireman started up the ladder. But flames and smoke drove him back till he dropped to the ground almost suffocated.

"Save me! Save me!" shrieked the young girl.

Not another fireman would dare attempt the ascent through that volume of smoke and flame. A moment of supreme peril had come. An ominous silence had fallen upon the crowd. Only the roar of the flames and the cries of the young girl could be heard. Suddenly Bob Akers, the young carpenter, darted up the ladder; he fairly ran up like a squirrel, shot through the smoke and flames and appeared above them, under the window. Such a wild cheer as went up from that crowd—hundreds were heard to utter prayers for his success and safety. Standing on the topmost round of the ladder, Bob's breast was against the window sill; he pulled off his coat and threw it over the head of the young girl. Then he pulled her through

the window. Hundreds in the crowd knew who he was.

"God bless you, Bob!" cried an old man in the crowd.

"Be careful now, you booby!" shouted Gus Graham through his trumpet.

Bob paid no attention to things below. His own life as well as the young girl's was in danger.

"Now, hold on to me for dear life," said he to her. "Hug me as you never hugged a fellow before in your life, and I'll get you down all right. No, keep the cloak over your head, or the flames will ruin your hair and eyes! That's the way! Hold tight now—steady—I'm going to run down!"

With her swung round his neck, over his shoulders and back, Bob made a quick run down through the dense volume of flames and smoke, and in a half minute was at the bottom.

## CHAPTER II.—A Hero—The Rival Fire Companies.

There was a rush for him the moment his feet touched the ground. The young girl was torn away by loving hands and carried into the house of neighbors across the street. A meeting was held in the town hall and a new fire company was organized right after the fire. Bob was unanimously elected foreman, and money to buy him a silver speaking trumpet was subscribed on the spot.

"Boys," said Bob with tears in his honest eyes, "this is quick work. I fear you will think you have been too hasty when——"

"None o' that, Bob," cried his employer, who was in the crowd. "You ain't afraid of fire, and you're the kind we want."

"Well, I'll be your foreman if you want me to," he replied.

"Of course we do," and then they proceeded to elect other officers, and appointed a committee to apply to the mayor and aldermen for another engine. The meeting then dispersed.

Gus Graham and his high-strung companions were in a rage over the result of their first appearance at a fire. They strongly condemned the interference of outside parties who, they said, annoyed and hindered the firemen in the discharge of their duties.

The next day young Bob Akers was the hero of the day. The aristocrats admitted that he had done a brave thing, and commended him for it. The truth is, they dared not do otherwise, because the poor people outnumbered the rich two to one, and would resent any sneer cast upon their favorite at the polls. The council concluded to buy another engine, as it was but too plain that two were needed in a town where nearly all the buildings were of inflammable material. A week after the fire Bob called a meeting of his company to adopt a uniform and a name. They met and adopted a red skirt, fireman's hat, and black pants.

"Now, what shall we call the engine, boys?" Bob asked. "We've got to have a name, you know, and we want a good one, too."

"I move that the foreman propose a name," said Jack Wilson, a fellow-carpenter of Bob's.



"Agreed," responded everybody.

"Very well, boys," said Bob. "I once belonged to a company in New York called Columbia. It's a good name. I like it. What do you say to running with Columbia?"

The name was adopted with a tremendous hurrah, and then the meeting adjourned. Bob sent word to the mayor that the name adopted was Columbia, and asked to have it put on the engine in big, gold letters. It was done. Many of the members were really not able to buy their uniforms. Annie Hopkins, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Tailor Hopkins, whose life had been saved by the daring young foreman, went to work to raise money enough to buy the uniforms. That act touched the chivalric feelings of every man in Glendale, and contributions poured in much more than enough. Then she insisted on the ladies of Glendale helping her to make them. They did so—except the sweet-scented young daughters of the rich. At last the day for the new engine to arrive came round. Bob and his one hundred red-skirts were on hand to receive it. There is something peculiarly independent and pugnacious about a red shirt. It is peculiarly attractive in such places as Glendale, as it indicates both pluck and muscles in the wearer. In this case every red shirt covered bone and muscle strengthened and toughened by hard, honest labor. They were strong young fellows who were able not only to throw a stream over the tallest building in the town, but to tear it down, if necessary. The Glendales did not turn out, as good will, to say nothing of good judgment, would have dictated, to escort Columbia to their quarters. It was but too evident that there was to be rivalry between the two companies. Both seemed to have a sort of contempt for each other. Columbia, however, met with a rousing reception. The brave fellows, in their bright uniforms, met at the depot and received the engine and hook and ladder. They pulled them through the principal streets of the town and halted in front of the town hall, where over a thousand people had gathered to see beautiful Annie Hopkins present a banner to the company. It was a beautiful silk banner, wrought elaborately with the word "Columbia" in gold letters on one side, and "Duty" on the other. The young lady made a neat little speech as she handed the banner to Bob, and the young foreman replied in modest and appropriate words. The company then gave three rousing cheers for beautiful Annie and the young ladies of Glendale, and moved on to their quarters. That evening they had a dance. Hundreds of workingmen and pretty girls were there, but not one of the Glendale Fire Company, although a special invitation had been extended to them. Thus at the outset there was a rivalry between the two companies. The Columbia was ahead on two accounts—the rescue of Annie Hopkins and the presentation of the banner by the ladies.

"Oh, we can have a banner, too," said Gus Graham, "and one that'll lay that rag in the shade," and he started the fashionable young ladies to work at it. Of course, the finest banner that money could procure was bought, and Gus Graham's sweetheart was selected to present it. A short time after the second banner presentation another fire occurred. It was a large factory, and

the fire threatened to spread to other buildings. At the first signal the Columbia was instantly off, several of the company being at work close to the engine-house. They were first at the fire, and actually had a stream pouring on the building when the Glendale dashed around the corner. The Columbia's hook and ladder had taken half a dozen girls from the upper story of the factory, so the Glendale had nothing to do but to throw on water, which they did with all their might. But they could not throw a stream like the Columbia. They had not been trained to such work, and had not the necessary physical force. The two foremen did not speak to each other during the fire. The two streams of water saved the greater part of the building, which otherwise would soon have been a heap of ruins, and the rival companies returned to their quarters.

### CHAPTER III.—The Rivals Engender Bad Blood—The Threat.

The Columbia boys returned to their quarters proud of their little engine and satisfied with their work. They were first at the fire and did the rescuing, which gave them all the honors of the day.

"We'll be first at the fire every time, boys," said Bob as he laid his trumpet aside, "and don't you forget it. We ain't going to be beaten by any fancy blue-shirt gang."

"Never!" responded the brave boys.

"That's the talk. We're ahead, and we are going to stay there. When you hear the signal, dash for the engine as if Old Nick was after you. Don't stop for anything, for we are bound to be the first every time."

"Hurrah for Bob!"

The cheers were given with a will. Of course Gus Graham and his young bloods were more bitter toward the Columbia boys after the factory fire than ever before. Everybody was twitting them about the young mechanics beating them.

Weeks and months passed, and the two companies became more widely estranged. On one occasion one of the Glendale boys made a slighting remark about the social standing of the Columbia members. One of the Columbia boys was near enough to hear it, and thinking the remark was made for his special benefit, replied:

"The social standing of the Columbia boys is better than that of the Glendale crowd, because the majority of the community are with them. They are better men mentally and physically. There is not a man of talent in the Glendale Company, while Columbia has two authors and the three ablest lawyers in town on her list. Glendale has the most money—money belonging to the members' fathers. There isn't brains enough among them to make money. They only know how to spend money."

The stinging rebuke created bad blood at once. Three Glendale boys went for that Columbia youth with a vengeance, but Columbia was a blacksmith who had wielded a sledge-hammer until his muscles were like the metal he worked in. He laid the three young bloods out with one blow each, and they dared not renew the attack.

Just one week later an alarm of fire sounded in



the lower end of town. A snowstorm was raging, but did not hinder the progress of the two companies. True to the instructions of their young foreman, the Columbia boys dashed for their engine-house like greased lightning. The Glendale engine-house was five blocks nearer to the fire, but that mattered not. The Columbias were bound to be first at the fire. They dashed down the street and met the other company as they came out of their engine-house. The fire was three-quarters of a mile away—right down the street. A fair race was before them, and the Glendales determined to win it. As the two companies came abreast, Bob Akers, trumpet in hand, dashed ahead, shouting:

"Columbia to the rescue! Show the blackguards your heels!"

Down the street they went at a terrific pace. For two blocks they were abreast. Then the red-shirted foreman of Columbia shrieked through his trumpet:

Come away, Columbia!"

With an answering shout the red-shirts showed ahead. Two blocks farther and they were a length ahead. Another couple of blocks, and the foreman of the Glendales swung behind the hook and ladder team of Columbia, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. Columbia put on the first stream of water, and two females were taken from the upper story by the red-shirts. Glendale rushed up and unlimbered at the same cistern from which Columbia was drawing water. The two engines were not ten paces apart. Both companies worked like heroes. Suddenly a pet poodle dog appeared in the window of the third story and barked wildly.

"Oh, my poor Fido!" shrieked a young lady. "Will nobody save him?"

"Save the dog!" shouted Bob in his trumpet.

The ladder was run up, and a red-shirt darted up like a squirrel, to the great amusement of the crowd. The hoseman of Glendale turned his stream of water at the window, and knocked the dog back into the room.

"Shame! Shame!" chorused the crowd, whose good-natured sympathies were with the poor dog.

The fireman reached the window, sprang in and disappeared from sight. A moment later he appeared again with the trembling poodle.

"Columbia!" yelled one of the red-shirts, and a thousand voices responded in cheers.

The fireman regained the ladder and began to descend. The hoseman of Glendale gave him a dash of water full on the back. A moment later he reached the ground and gave the poodle to its pretty mistress. The building was partially saved. The two engines drowned out the fire and saved more than three-fourths of the house. Before they ceased pouring streams on the building the water in the cistern became very muddy. It came from the bottom of the cistern, where it had settled after each rain. Just as they were about to leave the man who rescued the dog cried out to his comrades:

"Bear hard, boys!" and seizing the nozzle turned the muddy stream on the Glendale crowd, drenching them from head to foot. The blue-shirts were dismayed. They tried to retaliate, but no one could pick up their nozzle in the face of that terrible stream. The Columbias screamed

with delight as they manned the pump and forced the blue-shirts to take to their heels. They then drenched the engine with the muddy water, gave three ringing cheers for Columbia, and dashed away for their headquarters again. The blue-shirts were a pitiable sight to look at as they made their way back to their quarters. A madder set of firemen were never known. Gus Graham, covered with muddy water from head to foot, turned to Alphonse Berry and said:

"I swear by the Eternal to get even with Akers for this! I'll put iron bracelets on his wrists before he is a year older, or I'll deny my name in the face of my father!"

#### CHAPTER IV.—Another Victory for Columbia.

Alphonse Berry grasped Gus Graham's hand and replied:

"I am with you, Gus. Those greasy mechanics ought to be made know their place, and I am willing to help do it."

"They are human tigers!" hissed Graham, whose rage was at a white heat. His beautiful blue shirt and white silk star were covered with muddy paste. He would have to march back by the residence of the Berrys, where his lady-love resided. She was the sister of Alphonse Berry, the richest and prettiest girl in Glendale. She would see his sorry plight and hear the story of the mud-throwing. Could he ever forgive or forget? Never! Back to their engine-house they went, and muttered curses were heard on all sides.

"I move we carry revolvers in our belts," suggested one of the young snobs, who probably never fired a gun in all his life.

"They would carry them, too," said another, shaking his head. "Better not have anything to do with them."

But Gus Graham, Alphonse Berry and Theodore Morton put their heads together to concoct a plan that would settle Bob Akers' career as the foreman of a fire company. In the meantime the fashionable young lady whose pet poodle had been saved from the flames by one of the Columbia boys was loud and generous in her praise of the "noble-hearted boys in red," and sent them a huge basket of hothouse flowers. The fact was the Columbia boys were fast winning the admiration of the most refined young ladies of the town. Just two weeks after the mud battle between the two companies a fire broke out on the staircase of the Berry mansion. In an instant the means of exit from the upper part of the house was cut off. Both fire companies started at nearly the same time, but as usual, the Columbia was the first on the spot, and had a stream pouring into the house when the Glendale turned the corner at full speed.

"Save me! Save me!" shrieked a voice at one of the upper windows. Every one looked up and beheld fair Eunice Berry, the petted daughter of upper ten society of Glendale, leaning as far out as she could to get fresh air.

"Up with the ladder!" shouted Bob Akers through his trumpet, and in a moment the gallant firemen had a ladder under the window.

"My!" gasped Graham on seeing his sweetheart in such imminent peril. "I will save her!"



He sprang forward to run up the ladder the Columbia boys had put up. But Bob saw and anticipated him. Swinging his trumpet to his side he sprang up the ladder ahead of the blue-shirted foreman, and was under the window in an instant. Climbing to the window he caught the young lady round the waist and said:

"Keep perfectly cool, lady, and you will get down all right."

"Oh, sir, can you save me?"

"I will either save or perish with you," he replied. "Will you do as I tell you?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Take a blanket off that bed and throw it around you—there! Cover your head. Such a face, hair and eyes must not be touched by fire! That's right. Now we go!" and grasping her firmly round the slender waist he started down the ladder.

"Half way down the foreman of Glendale met him.

"Give her to me!" he hissed.

Bob leaned against the ladder, and, with his disengaged hand, placed the trumpet to his mouth.

"Knock the fool off!" he cried, and Columbia turned her stream of water upon the foreman of Glendale, taking him in the body and knocking him from the ladder as if he had been no more than a fly. The fall knocked the breath out of him, and for several minutes he was unable to tell where he was and what ailed him. The way made clear, Bob continued the descent with his fair burden. She did not recognize Graham's voice, her head being under the blanket. In fact, she did not know that any interruption had taken place. Once she cried out:

"Oh, don't let me fall!"

He only tightened his arm around her waist, holding her firmly till they reached the ground.

"Now you are safe, miss," he said, standing her on her feet and throwing the blanket off.

"Please tell me your name?" she asked.

"Robert Akers."

"Oh!" and she opened wide her eyes as she stared at the brave, handsome face of the young fireman. "I have heard of you. My brother hates you, but I—I will be your friend."

"Thanks, miss. Your brother hates me without cause, for I have harmed no living man. Here is the carriage."

The carriage belonged to a friend of the Berrys. She was taken to the residence of its owner, after she had grasped the hand of the brave fireman and called him her savior again. The two companies worked hard to subdue the flames, and succeeded only after half the magnificent house and furniture had been destroyed. The papers recorded the gallant deed of Bob Akers, and praised him as the model fireman. Gus Graham's name was not mentioned at all, and that was the last feather that broke the back of his patience. A few days after the fire he called on Miss Eunice Berry at the hotel where the Berry family were stopping till their house could be rebuilt. She received him cordially, and said:

"I am glad to see you again."

"Thanks. I would have called earlier, but I was not well enough."

"I heard you were hurt. I hope it was not serious."

"Nothing serious," he replied. "I was so unfortunate as to fall from the ladder as I was running up to your assistance."

"Oh, it was terrible!" she exclaimed; "but for that brave man, Mr. Akers, I don't know what I should have done."

"Are you acquainted with him?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes—he told me his name. He introduced himself when he carried me through the fire."

"Do you number him among your friends?"

"Of course I do—he saved my life."

"Do you know his character?"

"No—nothing more than that he saved my life," she replied. "Is his character bad?"

"Wait and ask your brother—he will tell you all," and he took leave and left the hotel.

## CHAPTER V.—The Conspiracy.

When Gus Graham went out from the presence of Eunice Berry his face was like that of a dead man's. He went in search of Alphonse Berry, his chum and bosom companion. They met only a little distance from the hotel.

"Al," he said, "I've just left Eunice."

Al looked up as if waiting to hear more.

"Well, what's the trouble?" he asked on seeing the ashen pallor of his face.

"Plenty of trouble ahead," said Gus. "She says Bob Akers is the bravest and most perfect gentleman she ever met."

"The deuce! ejaculated Al Berry.

"Yes. The young ladies are making a hero of him, and the first thing we know some romantic girl of our circle will be running away with him."

"By George! What shall we do?"

"Do! We must ruin his character, and force him to leave town. You must tell your sister that he is an ex-convict from Sing-Sing—that he served five years for burglary."

"That's awful."

"So it is, but we must get rid of him. We'll never make the charge to any man, but whisper it around among the women. It will travel fast enough, and no one can trace it."

"I'll do it. You must not go back on me, Gus."

"No danger. I am more interested than any other man in Glendale."

Al went up to the parlor where his beautiful sister was at the piano.

"Brother," she said as he entered the room, "Gus said you would tell me something against Mr. Akers' character that would——"

"Well, we have found out that he served five years in Sing Sing prison for burglary," replied Al. "I should think that would be against a man's character in any decent community. It's nothing more than I expected, though."

Eunice was horrified.

"Brother," she asked, "is it true?"

"I guess it is. I heard a lawyer say he was in the courthouse in New York when he was sentenced a little over seven years ago."

That was a clincher. Eunice had never known her brother to tell a willful lie. But she could not bring herself to believe it.



Late that afternoon the two friends met again, and Al remarked:

"I told Eunice that yarn, but I don't think she believes it."

"What did she say?"

"She looked astonished and asked me if it was really so. I replied that I heard a lawyer say he was in the court in New York when he was sentenced."

"Good! What did she say to that?"

"It staggered her. She made no reply."

"Will she repeat it to any of her friends?"

"I don't know. Girls can't keep secrets, you know."

That evening Susie Morton called on Eunice Berry. Al Berry was present, and in course of conversation told her the story he had heard.

"Brother," said Eunice, "you should not repeat that without knowing whether it is really true."

"I do not say that it is true," he replied. "I merely repeat what I heard."

"But you may injure his reputation by so doing."

"Pshaw! What's reputation to such fellows as he?"

Susie Morton was a kind-hearted, vivacious society girl, whose only fault was her fondness for talking and repeating everything she heard. The news spread through the town, and soon got among Bob's own set. Annie Hopkins heard it, and was so indignant that she put on her hat and shawl and went in search of the brave fireman.

"Mr. Akers," she said, "I have come to ask you a question. You will not be offended?"

"Of course not, Miss Annie," he replied. "What is it? Has any one been telling you stories?"

"Yes, and I have come to you for the truth. Have you ever been a convict in State prison?"

"Never! In Heaven's name, what does this mean?"

"It means that somebody has circulated the story that you served five years in Sing Sing for burglary," she replied.

His ruddy face turned ashen-hued, but his eyes blazed.

"There is no truth in it," he said. "But I will go there for killing the wretch who started that lie if I ever find him out."

"Mr. Akers, don't do such a thing. Find him out and expose him—set the law on him. It will not hurt you in the end. I will repeat what you have said to me, and that will travel around town, too."

"Thanks, Miss Annie," he said. "You are very kind. I am sure it started from the engine-house of the Glendale Fire Company."

There was to be a regular meeting of the Columbia company that evening. When the meeting was called to order Bob said:

"Somebody has started a story that I am an ex-convict—that I served five years in Sing Sing for burglary. It is false in every particular. I never was in prison in my life; was never in court; was never arrested. But if I ever catch the man who started the story the chances are that I may go there, but he'll go further."

The next day his denial and threat were published in the Glendale "Herald," and Al Berry and Gus Graham turned pale as they read it.

Eunice Berry whispered to her brother:

"I told you not to repeat that slander. Don't you think a trip to Europe would benefit your health?"

Al gave a sickly smile and said:

"I did not originate it."

"But you may have to produce your lawyer, who did," she replied.

She was strongly suspicious that he had started the story.

## CHAPTER VI.—The Plot Thickens.

The threat of the young foreman of Columbia had the tendency to deter many from repeating the slander against him. Al Berry never repeated it again, and his sister became convinced that he was the author of the story. She resolved to see and plead with Bob Akers not to harm him, feeling confident that he would not disregard her request. That evening Gus and Al were together again.

"She believes in him," said Al, "and I fear we have gone too far in starting that story on him."

"Maybe we have, but it will be a hard current for him to stem, as people are always ready to believe anything bad of a man. It's going now. Let it alone—even say you don't believe it, and that will be enough."

"But we must do something to get rid of him."

"Yes—I think we can manage to get a man who will see to it that stolen goods are found in his possession. That will settle him forever, and make everybody believe this burglary and State prison story."

They went into one of the high-toned saloons of Glendale and called for a bottle of wine. They drank to the success of their plans. In the meantime Bob Akers was deeply troubled about the story that had been started against his good name.

"I'll go and see Miss Annie about it," he said, and that evening he called on the young lady. Of course she was glad to see him. In fact, she regarded him as a hero whom any lady would be proud to receive as a friend.

They talked long and confidentially together. She told him from whom she heard the story—another young lady friend of hers.

"I don't think you could trace it to its author, Mr. Akers," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because you would have to visit every young lady in Glendale. Some of them would be so frightened for fear of trouble that they either would not, or could not recollect from whom they heard it. I am quite sure that the girls got it through some of the ladies of the Glendale set."

"Yes, I am satisfied of that myself," he said. "I know it would be a hard thing to trace up, but I am going to do it. I will give you my secret. Will you keep it?"

"As sacredly as my honor," she replied.

"I am going to disguise myself and play detective on Graham and Berry. I believe they are engaged in a plot to ruin my character."

"Will that not be dangerous?" she asked.

"Oh, no. I am able to take care of myself, I guess."

"I know you are, but don't do anything that will give them a chance to put the law on you."



"I will try not to do so," and he took leave of the young lady.

He lost no time in visiting his employer.

"Mr. Hodgkins," he said, "I want a month's holiday."

"Goodness gracious, Bob!" exclaimed the builder, astonished. "I couldn't spare you, one of my best workmen, just at this time."

"Oh, I'll get a substitute who will fill my place to your satisfaction," replied Bob.

"But what's the matter, Bob?" the builder asked.

"I've a little private business to attend to," he replied.

"Go ahead then—get a good man in your place."

In another day Bob succeeded in getting another good carpenter to take his place for a month. Then he took the next train for New York, where he sought out a costumer, where he purchased a disguise that made another man of him so utterly that he could not recognize a feature of himself in the mirror. This settled, he returned to Glendale and put up at the Grant House, where the Berry family were living during the rebuilding of their house. He was dressed quite flashily, and appeared to have plenty of money.

The truth is he had drawn out two hundred of the one thousand dollars he had in the Glendale Bank. He was determined to see the thing through at any cost. The next day after putting up at the hotel he met Berry and Graham at the bar. They called for champagne. So did he.

"You are citizens of this place, are you, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Graham.

"Happy to meet you," he said. "My name is Crowley, of New York. I want to question some residents of the town about a certain man here. I hope you will not think me officious."

"Oh, not at all—glad to be of service to you, Mr. Crowley," replied Graham, who was naturally polite in his manners.

"Your very good health, gentlemen," said Crowley, raising his glass to his lips.

They responded, and all three drank their wine together.

"Cigars, if you please, barkeeper," said Crowley; "your best Havanas."

All three took cigars.

"I want to know if there is a fellow here by the name of Robert Akers," he said, after they had lighted their cigars.

Both Al and Gus started, and exchanged significant glances.

"Yes," said Gus, "there is such a man here—the foreman of one of our fire companies."

"How is he behaving himself?"

"Oh, he's working for a builder by the name of Hodgkins, and seems to be doing very well. Do you know him?"

"I should say I did," he replied with an air of mystery.

"What kind of a man is he?" Al asked.

"One of the most cunning rascals in the country," was the reply.

"What do you know about him?" Graham asked, somewhat eagerly.

"Oh, excuse me; a wise man does not talk too much, you know. I would be a fool to tell my private business to two strangers. I am not his

friend, by any means, hence should be careful about what I say."

"I guess we are not his friends, either," remarked Graham. "On the contrary, I would give any man a thousand dollars who could manage to run him either out of town or into jail."

"Great smash!" exclaimed Crowley in a deep undertone. "I'll give ten times that amount to get even with him myself. I don't care a snap about running him out of town, but I would like to run him into a dungeon. I hate him worse than the devil hates holy water."

"What's the trouble between you?"

"Gentlemen," said Crowley in a hoarse whisper, "give me your solemn word of honor you won't give me away, and I'll tell you all."

Both grasped his hands and pledged their words not to repeat his story to a living soul.

"I will tell you, then," he said; "I am a pick-pocket, just out from Sing Sing, sent up by him. He saw me pick a man's pocket and gave me away. He saw my girl when I was being tried, and went for her. When I was sent up he took her and won her away from me. I loved her, and am now bound to give him a taste of my vengeance. That's all there is to it."

Both were astonished.

"Just the man we want to see," said Gus. "We want to get rid of him or ruin his character in this town. We will help you all we can."

"Ah! By George, we will fix him, then!" he said gleefully.

"I think I can arrange it just right," said Gus. "My friend Berry will lend you his watch, and I will do the same. You can manage to get into his room, secrete them somewhere, and let us know. We will swear out a warrant, have him arrested and his room searched. The finding of the stolen property in his possession will send him up for five or seven years."

"Good Lord! what a head you have, sir!" exclaimed Crowley, grasping his hand. "I'll look after his quarters and see whether or not I can get into them. I have a few skeleton keys which will open almost any lock."

"Would Akers know you if he were to see you?" Berry asked.

"No—he has not seen me now for five years; besides, I have on a wig that will bother him."

"All right, then. I guess we can manage it. He is out all day, and till late at night. Let us know when you are ready, and you can have the tickers."

They took another drink of wine, and then parted. Crowley went out into the town for the ostensible purpose of inspecting the surroundings of Akers' quarters. He met them again that evening, and said:

"I can get into his room to-night."

"Here are the watches, then," and they handed him their watches and chains.

"Now, see here. I don't want to put myself in your power. You could send me up in a jiffy if you wanted to go back on me. Just give me a note saying you loaned me these for a few days."

Graham took out a small notebook and wrote:

"This is to certify that we have given our watches and chains to Mr. Crowley, to dispose of to whom he can for the sum of not less than



three hundred dollars each. This 18th day of January, 18—.

"(Signed)

"Gus Graham."

"Now sign that, Al," said Gus, handing it to his friend.

Al read it.

"Just the thing," he said, and signed it.

Crowley read it and smiled.

"That's business-like, and will do no one any harm," and he folded it up and placed it in his pocket.

The next day Bob, still disguised as Crowley, met Gus Graham and Al Berry, and he pumped them for all he was worth. Both of the villains acknowledged it was through themselves that the story about Akers being an ex-convict had been circulated. The same day Eunice Berry met Bob and he walked with her to the library building and while they were together she told him she did not believe the story circulated about him, but that it was her brother who had told her.

She then asked Bob not to hold anything against her brother on that account, as he had probably heard it from some of the Glendale fireboys. Bob promised he would leave her brother out of his promise of vengeance. She left him after they had promised to meet in the public library four days hence.

## CHAPTER VII.—The Arrest—Turning the Tables.

Akers returned to his room, wondering greatly at the condescension of the beautiful belle of Glendale.

"She's a beauty, and no mistake," he said. "I saw people staring at us as we went along. She didn't seem to notice it, though. She is the most perfect lady I ever met. I wonder if it was on account of her worthless brother that she was so pleasant to me? She wanted me to come and see her at her home, but that wouldn't do. I'll meet her at the library, though, and see if she is as pleasant then."

On the way back to the hotel Eunice Berry was accosted by a half-dozen fashionable young men, who walked a block with her just to tell her the story of the ex-convict she had been walking with. To one—the first—she said:

"Oh, yes, I had heard the story, but do not believe it. Mr. Akers stands much higher in my esteem than any man who repeats the story."

The young man turned all sorts of colors and stammered:

"I—I—did—not—know."

That evening quite a number of young men made it their business to go to the meeting of the town council for the purpose of seeing the young fireman. They knew he would be there. They met him, took his hand and said they were glad to see his denial of that convict story—that they believed it at first, and had unwittingly helped to circulate it. They were glad now to take him by the hand and say they believed in him as much as in any man they knew. Bob did not know what to make of all this. But he shook hands with them and said it was all right.

He saw Berry and Graham there. Graham

had heard of his walking to the library with Eunice, and was jealous enough to murder him in cold blood if he dared to. They both jostled up against him two or three times, though, which he did not appear to notice. After a while they went away, and the council adjourned. Jack Wilson was with him during the evening, and watched the two villains as a hawk is supposed to watch the fowls in a barnyard. They went away together, both going to the residence of a lawyer. They found him at home.

In a private room Bob gave him all the points of the case. He was astounded.

"I'll send for another friend," he said, "to whom you must deliver the watches and notes. He will be on hand to take them in court."

The friend was sent for. The story was told him and the watches delivered to him.

"Now give them back, Mr. Ellis," said the lawyer, "and keep the note; I think it best to let them find the watches in his pocket."

Bob and Jack went away together. The next morning Al and Gus swore out a warrant for the arrest of Bob, swearing they had been robbed, and, on information of one Crowley, believed Akers to be the thief. A few minutes after the warrant was placed in the sheriff's hands an alarm of fire was sounded. Both engines were quickly on the ground and did good work. The fire was soon subdued, and the two companies were on their way back when the sheriff arrested Bob at the head of some forty of his men.

"What!" exclaimed Bob.

"I have a warrant here for your arrest for pocket-picking," said the sheriff, producing the warrant.

The red-shirts crowded around and wanted to clean out the sheriff and his deputy.

"No, boys," Bob said, "I am innocent. Come to court and see me through."

"Yes—yes, we will stand by you, Bob!" they cried, hurrying the engine to their quarters and hastening to the court-room.

The Glendale boys were there, too, in great force, their faces indicating the satisfaction they felt on hearing the charge. The court-room was crowded. Al and Gus both swore to losing their watches, and identified those found in Bob's pocket. Every red-shirt seemed dumb with amazement. Bob was placed on the stand. He acknowledged that the watches belong to Al and Gus.

"How came you with them?" his lawyer asked.

"They gave them to me," he said, "to sell for them—ostensibly."

Al and Gus laughed outright, as did their lawyer and all the blue-shirts.

"What proof have you of that?"

"A written note signed by both of them. Mr.

"Ells there holds the note."

Gus and Al turned pale.

"I hope your honor will notice the faces of the plaintiffs," said Bob's lawyer.

"Let me see that note, Mr. Ells," said the judge.

Ells handed up the note.

"This was given to a man by the name of Crowley," said the judge.

"I am Crowley," said Bob. "I was in disguise and entered into a plot to get Bob Akers into



a hole," and then he told the whole story from beginning to end.

Ells and Jack Wilson corroborated him. A dozen witnesses identified the handwriting of both El and Gus. A notebook taken from Gus's pocket had a place from which the note was torn that fitted it exactly. It was the completest vindication and turning of tables ever seen in a courtroom. Both men were pale as death, and glared wildly around them. Everybody was struck dumb.

"Mr. Akers," said the judge, "you are discharged. Officer, hold the plaintiffs till a warrant of perjury can be issued against them."

Al Berry gave a despairing groan and sank down in a deathlike swoon.

## CHAPTER VIII.—The Biter Bitten.

Words fail to adequately describe the scene that followed the disclosure of Bob Akers' plot to entrap his foes. Had an earthquake tumbled the courthouse upon their heads they could not have been more astonished. It was a clap of thunder in a clear sky. A minute or two after the whole thing was explained there was a profound silence in the court-room. The dropping of a pin could have been heard. Men held their breath and gazed at the young fireman. Suddenly Jack Wilson sprang up and hurled his fireman's helmet to the ceiling with the shout of:

"C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!"

Fifty red-shirted Columbia boys followed in responsive shouts that made the windows rattle.

"Order in court!" cried the court officer. But he might as well have tried to stem the current of Niagara. The boys whooped and yelled themselves hoarse. They took their foreman on their shoulders and marched round the room with him, making two circuits around Graham and Berry, whose faces were ashen hued in their pallor.

The judge caught Bob's eyes and motioned to him for silence. Bob put his trumpet to his lips and cried out:

"Silence, boys!"

The elated young firemen restrained their jubilant feelings, and in a few minutes silence reigned in the court-room.

"Mr. Akers," said the judge, "you are discharged. You have the reputation of being the best fireman in Glendale. In the opinion of this court you are the shrewdest detective in the country. You have demonstrated that you can take care of yourself. You are at liberty to go, with the proud satisfaction that your good name is yet untarnished."

The cheering of the Columbia boys again broke forth. They seized their foreman and bore him out of the court-room on their shoulders.

That night the Columbia boys made merry till the "wee small hour ayant the twal," as they believed this exposure of the foreman and secretary of Glendale Fire Engine Company would about demolish them. Berry and Graham being out on bail to await the action of the grand jury, held a quiet confab together as soon as they were out of the courthouse.

"Al," said Gus, "Akers has beaten us."

"Yes," was the reply, "and it looks as if he'll get us into State prison, too."

"No," said Gus, "we'll not go there this time."

"Why not?" Berry asked; "in the name of Heaven give me a gleam of hope!"

"Because he'll not appear as a witness against us."

"How? Why not?"

"We must get him out of the way before the trial comes off."

"Gus," said Berry, "I'm afraid to try any more games on that fellow. I want to wash my hands of him."

"I'd like to wash mine in his blood!" hissed Gus.

"To do him any hurt would only make the matter worse for us," remarked Berry. "Everybody would naturally suspect us, and every movement of his as well as ours will be watched."

"Very likely, but still we cannot afford to let him appear against us. We'd get a long term in State prison, which would forever destroy our social status. But if we can get him away we could manage to work out of it in some way. His failure to appear would be accepted by everybody as evidence that he could not make out a case against us, and that would relieve us."

"But can we get rid of him?"

"We must get rid of him, Al."

"But we may be caught again," said Al, "and I've got enough of that."

"Are you going to sit quietly down and wait for the sheriff to take you to State prison?"

"I—I—don't know what to do!" groaned Berry.

"Well, I'm going to give him a tough fight before I go under, if I can't buy him off."

"Buy him off?"

"Yes."

"How? What do you mean?" and Berry grew suddenly wide awake again.

"I mean this. He is a poor man, working for his daily bread. I will get a friend to see how much he will charge to step away—go to California or Europe without letting any one know where he is. Then when the trial comes on he will be 'non est,' and the prosecution will fall through or an acquittal will follow."

"By Heavens, Gus!" exclaimed Al, "if we can only get him to go it would save us! It's our only chance."

"It's our best chance, and I'll see Gimp about it."

Gimp was their lawyer.

"But will Akers go?"

"He is a poor mechanic. A thousand dollars is a huge sum to one like him."

"A thousand! Hanged if I wouldn't give ten thousand to get out of this hole."

"So would I," said Graham, "but I think one thousand would be enough. I'll get Gimp to make the offer."

The two young men went to the hotel together, where the Berrys had a temporary home. Al led the way up to his room, where his father and Judge Graham met them.

"You have gotten into a nice pickle," said Mr. Berry as he and the judge entered.

"It's just what they deserve," remarked Judge Graham.

"We are punished enough, father, without any reproaches from you."

"Why didn't you let the fellow alone? He was beneath you in everything—unworthy of a pass-



ing though. Now you are beneath notice from him."

"He wouldn't let us alone, judge," said Al, "so we put up the job to run him out of town, not to do him any further harm."

"Well, you've made a nice mess of it. I'd rather he had annoyed you all your life than to be able to point back to to-day's record in the courthouse."

"I think we can get out of it all right, father, for a thousand dollars or so," said Gus.

"I think that would be getting off cheap. What is the avenue of escape?"

"Bribe him to leave town, and——"

"More violation of law," said Judge Graham, shaking his head. "He'll trap you again if you are not careful."

"Oh, Gimp will 'tend to that for us," said Gus. "We will not be known in the transaction at all."

"Will the fellow go?"

"Of course he will. A thousand dollars is a fortune to one of his stripe."

"I don't know about that. Some of those fellows have very rigid notions about honor and principle."

"I don't think he can resist a thousand-dollar bait."

"Well, see about it. Let this be a warning to you to let other people alone," and the two fathers left the room together.

Al went into the parlor to see Eunice. She was not there. She had just heard the whole story from the lips of a young lady whose brother was present in the courthouse, and had gone to her room to weep. Her pride had received a terrible shock. Her brother arrested for perjury! Engaged in a plot to ruin a poor carpenter! How it galled her proud, haughty spirit!

He found her in her room.

"Oh, pshaw, Eunice!" he exclaimed on seeing her tears, "don't let it bother you. We'll come out all right. Never Fear, Gus and I will get away with the rascal yet."

"Rascal!" she exclaimed with flashing eyes. "Why, you and Gus Graham are the only rascals in the case. It was a villainous plot, and two rascals were engaged in it. Were you not my brother I would never speak to you again."

"Why, Eunice, if the court clears us, where would we be then?"

"The court can't clear you. You were convicted to-day, and you are both branded as perjured villains by the whole community. Tell your brother rascal that I desire never to see him again, and——"

"Sister!"

"Oh, that such a man should have the right to call me sister! I could die for very shame."

Al was astounded.

"She will think better of it to-morrow," he muttered to himself as he turned away and left the presence of his indignant sister.

Out in the hallway he stumbled against Lawyer Gimp, clutching his arm, who was looking for him.

"I want you," the unscrupulous limb of the law said, and then he leaned forward and whispered something in his ear that made him stagger like a drunken man.

## CHAPTER IX.—Lawyer Gimp.

"My God, Gimp!" he gasped, glaring wildly at the lawyer, "is there no way of escape?"

"There may be," replied Gimp, "but they are shrewd fellows, and know but too well their advantage in this case. You and Graham must come to my office to-night, and we will manage a plan to settle the matter. If you had only told me just how the case was, I could have avoided the exposure."

"Too late now," said Berry, "to talk about that."

"Of course it is," assented the lawyer. "We must get out of it the best way we can. Where is Graham?"

"In my room."

"Well, bring him up to my office to-night; I will wait for you."

And the lawyer turned and went downstairs again, leaving Al Berry to go to his room alone.

"I met Gimp in the hall," said he on entering the room. "He says if this matter is not settled with Akers immediately no power on earth can keep us out of State prison."

Gus Graham grew pale and sick. His last hope seemed to have left him.

"He thinks he can settle with him and hush the matter," added Al, dropping heavily into a chair, "and wants us to come to his office to-night."

"We will go, of course?" said Gus.

That evening they repaired to the office of their lawyer.

"How do you feel now, boys?" Gimp asked.

"Bad enough," replied Gus.

"Why in thunder didn't you let me know your game? I could have pulled you through with the greatest ease."

"Can you pull us through now? That's the question."

"Yes, I think I can, if you can raise money enough to enable me to do so."

"How much will be required?"

"That depends upon what has to be done. If he won't sell out and leave I can get a man to hire him by a big offer to go to California, or somewhere else. If that won't work I'll get a tramp to settle him on some dark night."

"Would you do murder?" gasped Al Berry.

"Would you go to State prison for seven years rather than have some miserable old tramp knock him on the head?" the lawyer asked.

"No!" blurted out Gus.

"I don't want any murder," said Al.

"Neither do I!" said Gimp; "and we will not resort to it until we have tried all other means. You want to keep out of prison and retain your positions in society. To do that you must stop at nothing that stands in your way. Now, shall I act in this matter for you?"

"Yes," they both said.

"Very well. When can you raise me one thousand dollars each?"

"To-morrow."

"All right. I will see you both to-morrow, then. Say nothing to any one about this. Take nobody into your confidence."

They left the office, and the avaricious Gimp rubbed his hands in great glee as he chuckled:

"They'll pluck well. I'll buy off that fellow



Akers, and get all the money I can from Berry and Graham. They'll pay any sum to get out of this scrape. I won't send a third man to him to be caught in a trap. Oh, no! they don't catch old rats in traps. Gimp is an old rat. I'll disguise myself and call on Mr. Akers in person. He'll not spring any traps on me. Oh, no! I'll look out for that."

Early next day Gimp took the train for New York. He went direct to a costumer and purchased a disguise that made him resemble a man of fifty years of age. Returning to the city of Glendale he lost no time in hunting up Bob Akers. He found him at work on the Columbia.

"Are you Mr. Akers?" he asked of Jack Wilson, who was present.

"No," said Jack, "that's him over there under the engine."

"Ah—yes—excuse me," and he went around to where Bob was. He had mistaken Jack for Bob purposely, in order to disarm suspicion, and had spoken loud enough for Bob to hear him.

"Be you Mr. Akers?" he asked of the young fireman.

"Yes—that's my name," replied Bob, looking up at him.

"Well, my name is Tobias Hulsey, and I've come to town to see you about my nephew."

"Who is your nephew?" Bob asked.

"Gus Graham, the young——"

"Well, I wouldn't own him if I were you," interrupted Bob. "He's a bad egg, Mr. Hulsey."

"Most all these 'ere town fellers is," said Hulsey. "Glad I wasn't reared in Glendale."

"Glendale is a good enough place; a bad man is bad anywhere," and Bob crawled out from under the engine, wiped his hands and asked:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I don't know what you can do," he replied. "That's what I want to see you about. I read in the papers how the fool had got himself into an awful scrape, and how you had yanked him bald-headed into the courthouse and got the law clamps on him."

Jack and Bob both smiled at the quaint way the old man had of putting the case.

"I came right straight to the town as soon as I read it," the old man continued, "to see his mother, who is my sister. She's crying her eyes out, and vows it will kill her if her boy goes to prison."

"I am very sorry for her," said Bob, "though it's not likely she would have had any sympathy for me had the plot against me succeeded."

"Of course not," said the old man frankly. "Everybody would have been down on you for a thief, just as everybody in town says as how it serves both the rascals right. I say it serves him right, too."

"I guess that's about what everybody says," remarked Jack.

"Yes, and I have come to ask you if that isn't punishment enough?" and the old man looked Bob straight in the eyes as he spoke. "You've killed 'em both in this 'ere town. Ain't that punishment enough?"

"It's pretty hard punishment," said Bob, "but the same could be said of any other criminal. The court and the jury are the best judges of the amount of punishment they ought to receive."

"Now, look here, young man. I'm a plain, blunt old countryman, and have plenty of money to make my word good. You've given Gus and Al enough—killed 'em as dead as dried codfish in Glendale. You don't want to be vindictive. You can afford to let 'em go now. I am ready to pay you your price to let 'em go—go away yourself and let the thing fall through. How much is it?"

## CHAPTER X.—The Tempter.

Bob looked hard at the old man for a moment or two, and asked:

"Do you want to bribe me to go away, Mr. Halsey?"

Lord bless you, no! was the emphatic reply.

"What do you mean, then?"

"How much will you charge to go to California and stay there a year to attend to some business for me?"

"Not a cent. I won't go—not even for a thousand dollars in gold."

"My dear young man, I'll give you two thousand dollars if you will go. You are just the man I want."

Bob shook his head.

"Three thousand dollars," said Husley.

"No," cried Bob, "not for ten thousand dollars, nor all the wealth of Judge Graham and yourself together! They swore they would run me out of town. I'll see to it that they leave town—not me."

"Young man, we all work for money. You are a carpenter and work for wages. I've farmed all my life for money—not pleasure. I am stranger to you. I could not come to you and ask you to leave Glendale without offering you some compensation. You may call it by what name you please, but it's square all the same. I've paid my way all my life, and expect to as long as I live. You'd better think over the matter. I'll come and see you again," and the old man started toward the door of the engine-house.

"I say, old man?" Bob called after him.

"What is it?" the old man asked, suddenly wheeling round.

"If you do see me be careful not to repeat the offer, you made to-day. I might stand you on your head."

The old man went out without making any reply.

"Bob," said Jack, "if they find out they can't buy you off, they may try to slug you on some dark night. It's a desperate case with them, you know. You must be on your guard."

"I'll keep one eye open all the time," he replied, laughing. "I guess I can take care of myself."

They remained together that afternoon and evening, parting at a late hour. In the meantime Lawyer Gimp returned to his hotel and held a conference with himself over the situation. For the first time in his life he had found a man whom money could not buy.

"He's a fool," he muttered. "He'll live to regret he did not take the offer. What does a man in his position care about honor and reputation? The fool will die a fool. I'll make five thousand dol-



lars out of this case, even if I have to put him out of the world to do it."

The next day Bob suddenly remembered that he had promised to meet Eunice Berry at the library in the afternoon. The thought troubled him not a little.

"Surely," he thought, "she will not be there. She will not want to speak to me again. She can't really blame me, but yet it's her own brother. I'll go, but I don't believe she will be there."

He went there half an hour ahead of time, took a book and retired to a corner to read it. He had been reading a full half-hour when he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. He looked up and beheld a lady in black with a heavy veil over her face. Instinctively he knew it was Eunice Berry.

"Mr. Akers," she said in soft, tremulous tones, "I was afraid you would not come."

"I could not help myself," he replied, "though it didn't seem possible to me that you would be here. But my heart urged me, and I came. I assure you I am rejoiced to meet you."

"Thanks," she said, "you are very kind! Have you been here long?"

"Only a little while. Will you have a seat?"

"I would rather we would walk, Mr. Akers. There are so many here wondering who the veiled lady you are talking to is."

"Yes—yes," he said. "We will go and have a walk."

He returned the book and then gave her his arm.

"Mr. Akers," she said as soon as they were out on the street together, "you promised me you would not harm my brother."

"So I did, Miss Berry; but I hope you did not understand that promise to take from me the right of self-defense."

"Oh, no—no!" she said. "On the contrary, I honor you for your brave and wise conduct. You could not have done otherwise. I denounced my brother to his face as a villain, and, though Mr. Graham was a——"

"Lover of yours," added Bob, interrupting her. "I understand it all, Miss Berry; speak plainly! I'll keep your secret as my life."

"He is no lover of mine! I told my brother that both of them were villains, and that I would never speak to Mr. Graham again."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, Miss Berry. I might have known your good heart would have prompted you to do right always. I am glad to hear you speak that way, and hope you will not let this affair mar the pleasure of our friendship."

"Indeed, no. The man who risked his life to save mine will always be able to say I am his friend."

"Thanks again. But will not your people give you some trouble when they hear that you have spoken to me?"

"They may do and say what they please," she replied; "but they cannot make me less than what I am."

"What a brave young heroine you are! I could die for you, Miss Berry!"

And he grasped her hand in his and held it as if loath to let it go. She made no attempt to withdraw her hand, and he held it lovingly as they walked along the street.

A few minutes later the fire alarm rang out and Bob was forced to leave Miss Berry. Eunice went home with a happy heart and dreamed that night of a gallant young fireman. That same evening Gimp met Gus and Al and related to them the outcome of his talk with Akers. A dastardly plan was entered in by which Bob Akers would be taken care of for some time to come.

As Bob met and was walking with Eunice later that same night two apparently drunken men attacked them. Bob was suddenly on the defensive and knocked one of them into the gutter. The second rascal caught Eunice around the waist and she gave a piercing scream and buried her fingers in his beard.

## CHAPTER XI.—A Terrible Blow—the Broken Neck.

The scream of the young lady had an electrical effect on the young fireman. With the spring of a tiger he got away from the man before him, and dealt the second blow to the wretch who had seized her. The blow was given with all the strength he could put into his arm. It landed on the rascal's neck, and he dropped to Mother Earth as though shot in the heart. Eunice went to the ground also, dragged down by the wretch; but she freed herself from his grasp and regained her feet. The moment he delivered that terrible blow Bob wheeled and met his antagonist again. The next moment he received a stunning blow on the forehead that made him reel backward. But he rallied, and in turn gave his man one on the cheek that laid it open to the bone. He was a hard hitter. Carpentering had given him a hard fist and still harder muscles.

Whack! landed another blow squarely on the nose of the man and he went down like a dog.

"That settles him!" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Eunice. "Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit. It takes a better man than he is to hurt me."

"I am a better man than Bob Akers," growled the man, scrambling to his feet again and making a furious dash at him.

Eunice sprang aside, and Bob received him at arm's length. He caught the blow on the other cheek, and that was laid open. Blinded by blood and rage the wretch made a reckless charge, and went down insensible from two blows on the face.

"That settles him, I guess," remarked Bob, wiping the blood from his fist with his handkerchief.

"Oh, the police are coming," said Eunice. "I am so glad."

"Miss Berry, your presence here with me must not be known. Please go home as quick as you can, and say nothing to a living soul about this."

She was too excited to do otherwise than obey, and the next moment she turned the corner and walked briskly away, just as the police came up.

"What's the trouble, Akers?" one of the policemen asked.

"These two ruffians insulted a young lady I was walking with, and I knocked one of them down, whereupon they both attacked me."



The second man, covered with blood, got on his feet and was arrested at once. The first man lay still on the sidewalk.

"Here, get up," said the officer, prodding him with his club.

The man never moved. The policeman stooped, looked into his face, and exclaimed:

"Why, the man is dead!"

"What!" exclaimed Bob.

"Dead as a herring!"

"Is it possible?" asked Bob, leaning forward and gazing at the man's face. "I struck him a hard one on the neck, but I didn't intend to kill him. He had the lady in his arms when I hit him."

The officer examined the dead man's neck.

"I don't know," he said; "but I think his neck was broken."

"I am sorry," said Bob. "I only used my fist."

"We shall have to arrest you," said the officer.

"Of course. Do your duty, and bring that other fellow along."

The other fellow was getting on his feet, looking about as badly used up as ever did a bruiser in a prize ring.

"You strike hard, Akers," said the officer.

"I had to," replied Bob. "There were two of them."

Bob was sent to the station-house with another officer and the wounded man. An ambulance was sent for to carry the dead man there also. The Columbia boys soon heard that Bob was under arrest for killing a man. They naturally thought it was the old quarrel between the two fire companies, and ran to the engine-house, donned their shirts, swearing to release their foreman. Jack Wilson headed them. They were ripe for mischief, and marched straight to the station-house, full half a hundred of them.

"We want to see Bob," said Jack to the captain in charge.

"What for?"

"To get his version of this killing," replied Jack.

The captain thought it best to yield, and Bob was brought out.

"How is it, Bob?" Wilson asked. "If you want to come away with us we will take you along."

"Oh, no, Jack," said Bob, "it's all right. I'll be out on bail to-morrow. Maybe no bail will be required. I was walking along the street with a lady, when two drunken ruffians attacked us. I defended her and broke one fellow's neck. That's how it happened. The other fellow is in here pretty well bruised up. That's all there is about it."

"Columbia!" yelled one of the red-shirts, and then they made the welkin ring with their shouts.

"Stand by the law, boys!" cried Bob. "There isn't a disorderly man in Columbia's uniform. I am all right."

It was sunset, and the Columbia boys were anxious that he should not remain all night in a prisoner's cell. But no court could be held that night to consider the question of bail; so he was compelled to stay in the station. The wounded man was so dazed by the turn affairs had taken that he did not say a word about the trouble. He only shook his head and moaned, as if in great pain. Of course, the papers next morning had

Bob's explanation of the affair. The veiled lady was a mystery. No one knew who she was, and Bob flatly refused to tell.

"She is a lady whose name shall not be brought into this case with my consent," he said.

"But her testimony may be necessary to corroborate yours," said his lawyer, who came to see him the moment he heard of the trouble.

"That may be; but still I'll not give it to the public without her consent."

"Give it to me, then, and I'll keep the secret!"

Both then whispered the name and the circumstances that brought them together. The lawyer was amazed.

"The belle of Glendale!" he muttered.

"Yes," said Bob; "so you see how unpleasant it would be for her to give her name."

"Yes—yes—you are right. I don't think you will have any difficulty about the matter, except a foomal bail."

"So I think. I never saw either of the parties before, and acted solely in self-defense."

"I think that can be made clear to every man's mind," remarked the lawyer. "I will go and see some of your friends about bail."

As he passed out another lawyer passed in—Lawyer Gimp.

He "stood in" with a number of policemen, and was, therefore, very popular with them. He was allowed to see the wounded man, and was shut up in the cell with him.

## CHAPTER XII.—A Villainous Plot by Gimp.

Gimp was an adept at securing clients in such situations. He sat down by the cot of the prisoner and said:

"My friend, I am a lawyer. Here is my card. I have been sent by some unknown friend of yours to defend you. My fee is already paid so it will cost you nothing."

"Who sent you here?"

"I only wish I knew myself," said Gimp. "I received a note with one hundred dollars in it, saying I must come and take charge of your case."

The man was amazed. He couldn't imagine who the unknown friend was.

"That was a good fee," he said; "I wish he'd send me half that much. I'm dead broke, almost."

"Oh, as for that matter, I can divide it with you just now."

Gimp counted out fifty dollars and handed them to the prisoner.

"Ah! That makes me feel better!" he exclaimed, raising to a sitting position on the cot.

"Money always puts heart in a man," remarked Gimp.

"You are right, it does."

"Well, give me your version of this affair, and let me see how it will stand in the court."

"Well, pard and me was walking along, pretty full of good liquor," he commenced. "We met a man and a woman. Bill said he'd have a kiss, and caught hold of the woman. The woman's fellow gave him a biff on the ear that sent him spinning over into the gutter. I used to be the best man around at that business, so I threw off my coat and begged him to do me that way. The chap



came at me like a young tiger. I held him off to get his measure, when Bill got up and tackled the woman again. She yelled, and then the young fellow darted toward her and gave him a stunner on the neck, and he dropped like a brick. Then we had it again. I wish we hadn't. Who is the fellow, anyhow?"

"His name is Akers, the young foreman of Columbia Fire Company," replied Gimp. "Do you know you are in a tight place? You have told the truth, for it's just what Akers said. You assaulted a lady and gentleman on the street, and the law is very severe about such offenses."

"But we were both drunk."

"That makes no difference in the least," said Gimp. "Now, see here, you must not tell that story to any one else."

The man looked up.

"Have you repeated it to any one?"

"No."

"Very good. The lady is a mysterious character, who will not appear in the case. You must tell a different story to-morrow in order to save yourself and put a rope around this fireman's neck, or prison bars in front of him."

"Is it so bad as that?" the man asked.

"Yes. There are no witnesses to contradict you except the murderer himself, and their statements are never very much believed by juries. The lady may not give herself away to save him, and even if she does it will do you no harm."

"What shall I say?"

"Say that you and your friend were walking quietly along the street when you met the man and woman; that your friend accidentally brushed against the woman, whereupon the man flew at him like a tiger, saying: 'I'll kill you!' and struck him down; that you only defended yourself when attacked by the ruffian. Stick to that story and you'll save yourself, as well as put that fireman in a tight place. You want to get even with him for that face of yours."

"Yes," hissed the man, "and I'll do it, even if I hang for it."

"What is your name?"

"Jim Banstock."

"Where do you live, Mr. Banstock?"

"I live in Utica. I was out here in search of work."

"That's all I want to know. I will be at the inquest to-morrow to watch your interest. Don't switch off from that story, now."

Gimp then shook hands with him and left the cell.

Al Berry was almost beside himself with joy when he learned that Bob was locked up for killing a man.

"You see now what stuff your gallant fireman is made of!" he exclaimed to Eunice. "Locked up for murder. He'll go to State prison even if they don't hang him."

"He'll be a brother convict then, won't he?" she remarked.

"I am not a convict yet," he replied, his face reddening.

"You stand a much better chance of being one than he does," she replied.

"Why, he's a murderer!"

"Oh, no. He slew a ruffian in defense of a lady,

and everybody but depraved cowards applaud the act."

"That's only his side of the story," sneered Al.

"Well, his side of a story is generally believed, it seems, as you know to your cost. No man has ever accused him of lying."

"But the wounded man is a competent witness, I guess," said he, not noticing the hard thrust she had given him.

"So is the veiled lady. Do you think she will let him suffer rather than reveal herself?"

"Do you know who she is?"

"How should I know? The best ladies in Glendale are his friends and admirers."

The coroner's inquest was held over the body of the dead man. True to his promise to Lawyer Gimp, Jim Banstock told the outrageous story that had been trumped up for him. Bob was astounded. So were the coroner and jury, for it was a different story to Bob's. Bob told his version of it and then said:

"That man has been tampered with. He has not told a word of truth, except that I thrashed both of them, and under the same circumstances I would do the same thin again."

"Have you any witnesses, Mr. Akers?" the coroner asked.

"No," was the prompt reply.

"The lady was with you. She might——"

"I will not have her mixed up in this thing," he said quickly.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death as the result of a blow by the hand of Robert Akers, and ordered him to be held to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars. A dozen well-known citizens promptly tendered bail, and two good sureties were accepted and the prisoner released.

Bob immediately went before a justice and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Banstock, for assault and battery and perjury.

## CHAPTER XIII.—The Two Letters—Gimp in a Hole.

On being released on bail Bob was taken on the shoulders of the Columbia fire-laddies and borne away in triumph. They believed in his innocence of murder, and gloried in his defense of the veiled lady. The wounded man was arrested and locked up on the charge Bob had preferred against him. Nobody appeared to go bail for him. Nobody knew him. Nobody believed his story.

Eunice Berry had become composed again. She saw the great pressure that was being brought to bear on Bob to make him reveal the name of the unknown, and thought him the truest and most unselfish man in the world.

"He would go to prison rather to betray me," she murmured. "I'll not let him go to prison. I'll walk into the courthouse and tell the judge that Eunice Berry is the veiled lady, and clear him by my testimony. He would not respect me if I allowed him to go to jail. I wonder if he thinks I would do such a thing? How I would like to see him. If they were to see us together again they would follow me home and thus find me out. Oh, I will write him a note and thank him for his gallantry in keeping my secret. He'll know it's from me."



She went to her writing-desk and wrote:

"My Dear Friend:—Any poor words of mine would fail me were I to attempt to say how much I thank you for your generous conduct in suffering unjustly rather than reveal my identity. God knows my heart prompts me to reveal myself and thus relieve you. If you will let me, I will go to the judge and tell him all. I cannot, will not, allow you to suffer unjustly. How can I thus treat him who saved me once from the flames and once from ruffians? Oh, believe me anything but ungrateful! I would freely give my life to save yours. If you will not allow me to do so sooner, I will come into the court at your trial and tell all.

"Your devoted friend, The Veiled Lady."

When Bob received and read it he kissed it a dozen times.

"I would die for her!" he murmured. "No, no! I'll not let her reveal herself to have all the gossips in town talking about her."

He sat down and wrote.

"Sweet Friend:—Never did a letter make a mortal happier than yours did me. I never once doubted your friendship, and I wish to prove mine for you by keeping the secret to the end. The bad character of the prisoner, Banstock, will kill his evidence. When shall I see your face again and hear your voice? Will you write and make me happy again?

"Your devoted

R. A."

The next day after the exchange of these letters an officer from another State came to Glendale with a requisition for one Bayley, an escaped convict. From what he had read of the prisoner Banstock he believed him to be Bayley. On being shown into the cell, he greeted the prisoner with:

"Hello, Bayley!"

"You have found me, eh?" growled the prisoner.

"Why did you tell such a story about the fight with Akers?" asked a man who was a friend of Bob's.

"That lawyer gave me fifty dollars to do it," was the reply.

"When did he give you the money?" the jailer asked.

"The night I was locked up."

On being searched the money was found on him—fatal corroboration of his story. Gimp was hurriedly sent for. He came, and the story was repeated to him. He grew white with rage.

"It's a lie!" he screamed. "A black, foul lie!"

"We searched him when we locked him up," said the jailer, "and found no money on him. Now we find these bills in his possession."

"I know nothing about them. He's an escaped convict. Why should I give him fifty dollars? Where is the motive? I'll have the law on him for outrageous slander!" And he dashed out of the jail in a white heat of passion.

Bob's story of the killing of Bill Hines, the Columbia boys had another jubilation. Gus Graham and Al Berry met and looked scared.

"Hanged if I don't believe he's bound to beat us yet," said Al.

"Gimp has made a fool of himself," returned Gus. "He thought he would have a chance to put Akers behind the bars, but he has gotten himself into trouble instead."

Court being in session, Lawyer Gimp, knowing that Bayley the escaped convict's word would have no weight, demanded an investigation of the charge against him. A committee of lawyers appointed by the court reported that they were not prepared to sustain the charge owing to the bad character of the man making it. The court then dropped the matter, and Gimp retained his commission as an attorney. It was a narrow escape for him, however, and he resolved to be more cautious in the future. His two clients, who furnished the money, now demanded that Akers be disposed of in short order.

"Three well-dressed New Yorkers will be here to-morrow," he said, "to make his acquaintance. They will keep by him for the purpose of getting an opportunity to drug him. They will get into his good graces, persuade him to go to New York, and that will be the last you'll ever see of him."

"All right." And the two young aristocrats sauntered out of his office and strolled off up the street together. The grand jury met the next day and refused to send in a bill against Bob. His lawyer then demanded their release from the bail he had given. The court revoked the bail, and he was honorably relieved from all blame in the matter. The case would never come to trial. The veiled lady would remain a mystery, and the curiosity of the eager gossips would never be satisfied. But Bob was free from the charge, and the two perjurers were indicted. That looked very bad for Al and Gus Graham.

A day or two after the indictments were presented, Bob and Jack strolled down to the depot, and saw quite a number of people there waiting for the train going to New York. Among the number were Al, Gus and Gimp. The lawyer had on a traveling ulster, and a small satchel in his hand.

"He's going to New York," said Jack.

"Yes," replied Bob, "and there's some devilry afloat, as sure as the sun shines."

"I wonder what they'll try on next?"

"I don't know, but I'd give a clear hundred dollars to find out."

"The train will be here in five minutes."

The five minutes passed, and another five minutes followed. Then came a dispatch that the train was half an hour behind time.

"By George!" exclaimed Bob, in an undertone to Jack, "I have time to go to my room and return. Come on, Jack!"

On reaching his room, Bob threw off his clothes and began to dress himself in very fine old-fashioned clothes, better adapted for a man of sixty than a youth of one and twenty.

"What in thunder are you up to, Bob?" Wilson asked.

"I am going to New York as a fine old gentleman," he replied, adjusting a wig, and beard to

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Shadowing a Shyster.

On hearing the news of the identification of Banstock as an escaped convict, and his story of Gimp's bribe, together with his corroboration of



match. Then he powdered his mustache to correspond, and the disguise was complete.

"Well, your best friend wouldn't know you in that rig. What are you going to do in New York?"

"Shadow Gimp," was the reply.

"All right. Good luck to you, old boy."

The two friends shook hands and parted. Bob reached the train just in time to get a seat in the same car with Gimp. He resolved to keep an eye on the wily limb of the law at every hazard. When the train reached New York City Gimp took a downtown car. Our hero did the same, getting into the same car with his game. It was in the middle of the afternoon. The car turned and went down to the East Side water front. Gimp kept his seat till he reached the shipping. Then he went out on the front platform and spoke to the driver. Three blocks further down he got off. A block further, and Bob got off, keeping an eye on the lawyer all the time.

"What can the rascal be up to?" he asked himself.

No one answering the question, he kept on shadowing his man till he saw him go on board a vessel lying alongside the pier. A man looking very much like the skipper met him on deck and shook hands with him. Then they went below together.

"What in the name of skysails does all this mean?" Bob muttered to himself, and then he commenced inspecting the craft.

Suddenly he made a discovery.

"She's a whaler! There's a card hanging over the side, 'Men wanted for a whaling voyage.' He wants to ship some one on a voyage, I guess. But who is it?"

He pondered long, waiting and watching.

"I'll get Gimp go when he comes ashore," he said, and then he kept moving about the dock as if in search of something.

In a little while Gimp appeared on deck and walked toward the street. Bob followed, and saw the lawyer meet two tough looking specimens of men. He drew near enough to hear part of their conversation, and learned that the lawyer was concocting a plot with the men, whose names were Coster and Morris, to shanghai Bob aboard the whaler for a long voyage. He heard them make arrangements to meet at a neighboring saloon the next day, where the lawyer promised to bring Bob. They were to dope him and carry him aboard.

That was enough for Bob and he took the next train home, met Jack and they both concluded to get the best of the lawyer and his two accomplices. The next day Bob and Jack, both disguised, returned to the city and went to the saloon. After a while Gimp and the two men showed up. Gimp told the men he had not succeeded in seeing Bob, so the deal was off. But just then Bob came over to the three villains and invited them to have a drink. Suspecting nothing, the villains consented and when the drinks were brought, Bob, who was prepared beforehand, succeeded in dropping a powder in each of the villains' glasses. After they had drunk the lawyer and the two men were under the influence of the drug, and were soon in the Land of Nod.

Just then the barkeeper saw what had happened and Bob told him he would take care of the sleepers.

Bob left Jack in the saloon and went to the whaler, where he met the captain and asked him if he needed any more men. The captain said he needed three more, and was waiting for a man who was to bring him one that day. Bob told him he had three that needed a voyage to straighten them up, and made arrangements with the captain to take care of them if brought.

Bob then hired a cab, went to the saloon, where Jack and the fireman carried the three to the cab and carted them to the vessel. The captain recognized Gimp, but said nothing, and took all three into the forecastle, where they were placed in bunks, dead to the world.

## CHAPTER XV.—The Lawyer Shipped— The Attack.

"How long will it be before you are off now, captain?" Bob asked.

"At midnight," was the reply.

They waited about the pier till one o'clock in the morning at which time a tug pulled the vessel out into the stream and started down toward the bay with her.

"She's off now," said Jack.

"Good-by, Gimp," muttered Bob. "Bring me a kangaroo when you return."

Bob and Jack could not help laughing at the turning of the tables on the three rascals. They walked uptown and put up at a hotel, it being too late to return to Glendale that night. The next morning they were up bright and early, and on their way back. Their absence had not been noticed. On the way up the street they met Gus Graham. The young aristocrat turned pale at sight of the young foreman. He had evidently been congratulating himself that Bob was then many miles out on the briny deep.

Gus hastened to the hotel, and met Al Berry at the door of the barroom.

"Al," he gasped, "Gimp has failed again!"

"How do you know?"

"I met Akers and Wilson just a minute ago. They came on the train from New York."

"Thunderation! Where's Gimp?"

"Don't know. Let's go to his office."

They went, and found the office closed.

They waited until noon and went to the lawyer's office again. Of course they found it closed, for Gimp was then a hundred miles at sea. The next morning they found the office still closed. A week passed, and then the papers spoke of a mysterious disappearance. Everybody was wondering what had become of the cunning lawyer. Detectives were placed on the case, but the mystery remained a mystery still. In the meantime, Bob noticed that a detective followed Eunice Berry whenever she went. She never went out except when she was obliged to, and she was also aware that she was followed.

"Jack, we'll give that fellow a dose the next chance we get," said Bob.

"Yes, and a good one at that," remarked Jack.

That night a party of boys with masks on their faces got hold of the detective, rode him on



a rail, and dumped him into a duck pond. That was enough, and the terrified detective lost no time in getting away from that unhealthy spot. Two nights after that Bob was walking down toward the engine house when, just as he turned a dark corner, a man rushed upon him and pressed the muzzle of a revolver against his breast and pulled the trigger.

## CHAPTER XVI.—The Little Old Woman.

The reader will doubtless understand that had the revolver been discharged, as its owner intended, our hero would have been a dead man, and this story ended. But, as good fortune would have it, it did not explode, and the young fireman's life was saved.

"Perdition!" hissed the would-be murderer, making another attempt to fire.

"Go there, then!" returned the young fireman, dealing him a powerful blow between the eyes with his clenched fist that sent him reeling backward like a drunken man.

The assassin was a powerful man, however, and in another moment had recovered his balance and was aiming the second time at Bob's breast. An instinct of peril caused Bob to drop to the ground, and the bullet just passed over his head. Thinking he had killed his intended victim, the unknown man took to his heels, and in a flash was out of sight in the darkness of the night.

"By George!" muttered Bob, "that was the narrowest escape yet. I wonder who it was?"

Just as he regained his feet a policeman came running up.

"Who fired that shot?" he asked.

"That's what I'd give something to know myself," replied Bob.

"How was it?"

"I was coming along here by myself," he said, "when a man sprang out from behind the corner there and shot at me."

"Are you hit?"

"No. I dropped to the ground, and the bullet passed over my head."

The next day the report created intense excitement in Glendale, and the police were put to work on the case. The clues were of such a slender nature, however, that there was little prospect of ever capturing the rascal. Late that afternoon an old lady accosted Bob on the street and asked:

"Young man, will you please show me the way to the public library?"

"Certainly, ma'am," he replied. "I'll go with you, so you may not lose your way." And he walked along by her side.

"You are a very kind young man," she said, "and I'm ever so much obliged to you."

"Oh, you're welcome, ma'am," he said. "I am glad to be of service to any one, particularly to the ladies."

"Well, everybody ain't," she replied.

"Is that so? I am sorry to hear that."

"So am I. Now, do you know who I am, young man?"

"Indeed I do not, ma'am."

"Well, I know you, Mr. Akers."

"Ah! I see you do. I hope you know nothing bad of me, ma'am."

"Of course I don't. Every lady in town speaks well of you."

"You don't know how glad I am to hear that. Won't you tell me your name, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes. My name is Eunice Berry."

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Bob, grasping her hand. "How well disguised you are! I thought there was something in your voice that sounded a little familiar."

"I wanted to see you," she said, "and I got up this disguise to keep from exciting any suspicion. I overheard something the other night that I thought you ought to know."

"Ah! What a good angel you are, Miss Berry! I surely will not come to harm when such a guardian is watching over me!"

"Oh, don't talk that way, Mr. Akers! You are as great a flatterer as any courtier. I overheard Al and Mr. Graham talking the other night. They never dreamed that I was in the adjoining room. They were speaking about a plot to send you to sea somewhere, and wondered why in the world you had not gone. Now you are not going to sea, are you?"

"Not if I know it," he said, smiling. "Now, Miss Berry, I will tell you a secret, and won't even ask you to keep it, for I know you will never utter a word that will get me into trouble."

"I would die, first!" she protested.

"Thanks. I knew you would. I will tell you about that going to sea business."

"Do you know about it?" she asked, in the greatest surprise.

"Yes. I've been playing detective again, and found out that Lawyer Gimp, in behalf of your brother and Mr. Graham, were laying a plan to drug me and ship me for a three years' cruise on a whaler from the port of New York. I got up a good disguise and unraveled the whole thing. They had hired two men to put me aboard a whaler, drugged, as soon as Gimp could get me into the city. Jack and I forestalled them, went to the saloon and met them and drugged them instead and succeeded in placing them aboard the very ship they were going to shanghai me on."

"Oh, I never heard anything like it before in all my life!" she exclaimed. And the noble-hearted girl burst into tears and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Please don't do that, Miss Berry," he said. "It makes me feel badly. I am thinking all the time how I can, just for your sake, manage to drop the case against Al. But the grand jury has indicted both of them, and I don't see how I can do anything. If they would only let me alone, and acknowledge that they did me a wrong, I would be their friend, and go to the district attorney's office and beg them off. But they won't do it."

## CHAPTER XVII.—A Terrible Peril—The Rescue.

The two walked down to and past the public library, going nearly a mile beyond. They had much to say to each other. Bob was desperately in love with the young lady, but such was the difference in their social positions that he was afraid to tell her so. On the way back to the library building Eunice said:

"I am glad you can take care of yourself so



well, Mr. Akers. As you have done so much for me, even at the risk of your life, I thought it my duty to come and tell you what I have. I will not need to do so again, as you——"

"Yes you will, Miss Berry," he said, interrupting her.

"Do you really care to see me?" she asked again.

"Indeed, Miss Berry, I think of you all day and dream of you all night."

Her eyes grew brighter and her cheeks glowed as she listened to his words.

"Your very presence make me feel like a new man," he continued. "I feel stronger and braver when you are near me."

"It's a great happiness to me to make you happy," was her reply. "I think I ought to go home now, as I have been out long enough."

"Good-by." And he grasped her hand as though he would never let it go.

She hastened away, and left him standing there on the sidewalk gazing after her as long as she could be seen.

At daylight the next morning the good people of Glendale were startled by an alarm of fire in the center of the business part of town. A large quantity of oil caught fire, and in an instant an enormous volume of flame spread through the buildings. Every church bell was set going to spread the general alarm, and almost every man in the town left his warm bed to respond to the call. At the first tap of the fire-bell Bob sprang out of bed, jumped into boots and pants, pulled on his red shirt, seized his hat and trumpet, and darted down to the street. The fire was only two blocks away from his rooms. He had to run past it to reach the engine house of the Columbia. The first two men at the engine were always entitled to hold the tongue to guide its course through the streets. This time Jack Wilson and Johnnie Walsh were the first to get there.

With a bound and yell they dashed out and pulled for the fire. Such a conflagration they had never had to contend with before. The large number of barrels of oil in one of the buildings caused a sea of flame to even lap the whole structure. Gus Graham, foreman of the Glendale Fire Company, worked like a Trojan. He had rescued a child from one of the upper stories of the building, and was descending the ladder, when Bob saw the slender ladder careening. The next moment the ladder commenced falling. Graham was fully thirty feet above the ground.

Quick as a flash Bob darted forward to where he thought the foreman of the rival company would strike the ground. Stretching forth his arms, he caught Graham and the child, and saved them from certain death; but the heavy ladder came crashing down on his head with such force as to crush him senseless to the earth. The ladder also struck three others, killing one outright and badly wounding the other two. The most intense excitement prevailed. The red-shirts rushed forward to rescue their foreman. Others took the child from Graham, which was unhurt, and gave it to its mother. Graham was but slightly bruised, but he knew that Bob had saved his life, probably at the expense of his own. Rushing up to his unconscious form, as the red-shirted heroes were bearing him away, he cried out:

"Akers! Akers! You are a hero! I owe you my life! I'm your friend till death!"

"Spoken like a man, Gus Graham!" cried Jack Wilson.

They bore Bob away and placed him on a bed in the hotel where the Berrys were stopping. A surgeon came and examined the injuries. In the meantime the fire raged, and the entire block was consumed. But all through the day the surgeon labored to restore consciousness to the daring young fireman. Everybody had heard how he was hurt in saving the life of his most unrelenting foe, and hundreds of people crowded around the doors of the hotel to hear how he was doing. But to the surprise of everybody, Gus Graham remained at his bedside, the most constant watcher of all. Suddenly, Eunice Berry came in, pale as a ghost, and asked:

"Will he live, doctor?"

"I can't say, Miss Berry. He is badly hurt," was the grave reply.

Just then Bob groaned.

"He lives! He lives!" cried Eunice, bursting into tears and leaning over him till her tears dropped upon his face.

"Bob, Bob!" said she, tenderly, leaning over him.

"Eunice!" Bob murmured.

"Bob," she replied, "do you know me—Eunice Berry?"

"Yes. Where am I?"

"In good hands. Thank God you are alive!" And then she kissed him.

"Bob! Bob Akers!" cried Gus. "Do you know me—Gus Graham?"

"Yes. You are safe?"

"Yes; and I owe you my life. I will undo the past, and be your friend, Bob." And Gus grasped his hand in a hearty grip.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—The Two Friends.

"Bob, I will tell you that I once hated you worse than I ever hated a man in my life. When you turned the tables on us I hated you even more, for I then thought you were trying to ruin me. I now know that you acted only in self-defense. We did put up the job to ruin you, and fell into the trap you had fixed for us. I say this much to you because I am anxious to make amends for the wrong, knowing I can trust your generosity not to make use of it against me."

"Ah, Gus, that's what I've been wanting you to say for a long time. I would now suffer ruin myself rather than you should. I never go back on a friend. I knew your heart was all right, only your head was a little off at times. Tell me, now, in confidence, what have you and Al done with Gimp?"

Gus looked puzzled.

"That's the greatest mystery in the world to me," he said, lowering his voice. "I am as ignorant of his whereabouts as an unborn babe."

"What was he up to when he disappeared?"

"He was engaged in a plot to get rid of you," he replied. "He was trying to have you shipped on a whaler."

"Yes."

"And Coster and Morris were his accomplices?"

"Yes."



"As also you and Al?"

"Yes. We furnished the money."

"Just as I thought," quietly remarked Bob.

"Bob, do you know where the lawyer is?"

"He has gone to sea with Coster and Morris."

"You turned the tables on them—sent them where they were trying to send you! Bob Akers, you are the best man that ever plotted against the devil!"

"I didn't say that I had anything to do with it," said Bob.

"Oh, that's not necessary. I understand it all now. By George, but it beats the world! Gimp gone to sea as a common sailor! Why, they'll have to beat him every day to make him work."

"Of course you will say nothing to Berry about this," remarked the young fireman. "The absence of your lawyer is a good thing, for I think he was trying to make all the money he could out of you."

"So I think. Now look here, Bob. I want to say that neither Al nor myself knew anything about that attack on you that night when somebody shot at you."

"Ah! I am glad to hear that. Who was it, then?"

"I don't know. I say, do you think you will feel well enough to take a carriage ride with me this afternoon?"

"Yes, and would like one very much," Bob replied.

At the appointed hour Gus drove up to the hotel and took the young fireman in. They rode through the town and out into the country. Bob rapidly convalesced, and in another fortnight he was able to go to the engine-house of the Columbia. What a reception the boys gave him! They made the welkin ring with their shouts, and many of the Glendale boys joined with them. The next day he called on the district attorney and had a long talk with him, the result of which the perjury suit was dismissed. Bob hastened to tell Gus, and the two friends shook hands with tears in their eyes.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—Bob Triumphant Again—A Stern Father.

As may well be supposed, Bob Akers was not troubled any more by those who had been trying to run him out of Glendale. Al Berry still remained his bitter enemy, though he had escaped being a convict through his generosity. Yet he dared not again try to do anything to injure him. He had had enough of that kind of work. Gus Graham was no longer willing to join him in such attempts, and Gimp was not there to concoct diabolical schemes for him.

"Gus," he asked one day, "do you have any idea where Gimp went to?"

"I don't really know, but I think he went to sea."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean that I have good reason to suspect that instead of his sending Akers to sea, he went himself."

"How did you find it out?"

"I put this, that and the other thing together, and added them up. They all went to New York to put him on a whaler. He is the only one of the four who has been seen since. It looks quite plain to me, Al."

"And yet you have made friends with him," he remarked.

"Do you blame me for making friends with the man who nearly lost his life in saving mine?"

"No."

"That settles it, then. Had I not made up with him you and I would have been in a bad fix to-day."

One day Bob ventured to call at the hotel, and asked to see Eunice Berry. Her father was at home and heard of the call. While she was getting ready to go down to the public parlor to see him, her father walked down and accosted him with:

"Did you ask to see my daughter, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I did," was the quiet reply of the young fireman.

"She declines to see you, sir," he said, growing white with rage. "She is grateful to you for the service you did her once, and is quite anxious to give you a suitable reward—a check for a reasonable amount, but declines to receive you as a visitor."

Just then Eunice, not knowing that her father was interfering, entered the parlor.

"Miss Berry," Bob asked, "did you decline to see me?"

"Indeed I did not!" was her prompt reply. "I am very glad to see you."

"Go to your room!" cried her father. "You ungrateful——"

"I will not!" she answered, her eyes flashing fire.

"Then leave my roof!" he hissed, perfectly furious with rage. "You are no longer daughter of mine. I disown and disinherit you!"

Such a furious old man Bob had never seen before in his life. But he was equal to the emergency.

"This is all on my account, Miss Eunice," he said. "You shall not be without a home or protector. Be my wife. I will——"

She made a spring and landed in his arms, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him.

"Yes, yes! I love you, Bob!" And then, turning to her astonished parent, she said:

"I am satisfied, father. Do your worst. Disown, disinherit me. My own fortune is enough." And then, turning to Bob: "And that will make us quite rich, dear Bob."

"Come with me, Eunice," said Bob. "We'll go to the minister at once."

In ten minutes Bob was in the clerk's office applying for a license to marry Eunice Berry. With that document in his possession, he hurried her to the residence of the nearest minister, where they were made man and wife in double-quick time. They re-entered the carriage and returned to the hotel, where Bob registered them as man and wife, to the profound astonishment of the proprietor and clerk.

#### CHAPTER XX.—The Young Fireman Mayor.

Mr. Berry really intended to take steps to lock up his daughter to prevent her marriage with the young fireman, vowing he would send her out of the country, or would rather see her dead



than the wife of that man. When she returned to the hotel she ran into her mother's room.

"Eunice," said her mother, "your father is in a terrible rage. He is going to take you to New York right away. We are all going to Paris to spend the——"

"Too late, mother," said Eunice, laughing joyfully. "I am Mrs. Robert Akers—married a half hour ago!"

Mrs. Berry gave a shriek and called for help. Physicians were summoned and restoratives applied.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Berry, rushing into the room where Eunice was holding her mother's head.

"Mother fainted when I told her I was married," she replied.

"Married! To whom?"

"To Bob, of course."

To her surprise, he wheeled and left the room without uttering a word. Down the stairs he went, and into the office, where Bob was receiving the congratulations of his friends.

"Scoundrel!" he hissed. "Have you——"

Bob didn't wait for him to finish the sentence, but took him by the throat.

"Take back that word, or I'll break every bone in your miserable carcass, if you are my wife's father! Take it back, sir!" And he shook the old man so violently that his false teeth fell out on the floor. "Take it back, or I'll shake your liver out next! I take no insults from any old stags like you!"

"Yes—yes—I——"

"Take it back?"

"Yes, yes!" gasped the old man.

"All right, then. Now go, and remember that a still tongue shows a wise head."

One day Jack Wilson proposed to the boys that they run Bob for mayor of Glendale, and the proposition created the greatest enthusiasm among the firemen and working people. At the urgent request of his wife, who was proud of him, and who wanted to show her parents that she had made no mistake, Bob agreed to run for the office.

Judge Graham was a candidate for re-election. Of course, very near all the solid men of the town supported him. But Bob got almost double the number of votes that the judge did.

"Good-morning, Mr. Mayor!" cried Eunice, the next morning, kissing him. "I knew you would be elected. The boys never go back on a good fellow like you. I know papa is glad, though he is too proud or stubborn to say so."

"I am so proud myself that I hardly know how to carry myself," he replied, "and I'm prouder still of the mayor's wife." And he kissed her till her cheeks glowed like coals.

"Now don't you go to getting proud, Bob," she said, returning his caresses, "for if you do you will lose half the friends you have. Be the same man you always were, run with the machine, and keep your place as foreman of Columbia fire-engine. I'd rather see you with your red shirt and fireman's hat on—just as you were when you climbed the ladder, through fire and smoke, to my window, and coolly flattered me about my eyes and hair."

True to her sensible advice, Bob continued to

be the foreman of Columbia, with Jack Wilson as vice-foreman, to act in his place whenever duty called him elsewhere.

## CHAPTER XXI.—Conclusion.

About six months after Bob Akers became mayor of Glendale, Lawyer Gimp returned from Australia.

"Why, hello, Gimp!" exclaimed a brother lawyer, who was at the depot when the train arrived. "Where in the name of Blackstone have you been all this time?"

"Oh, I've been traveling for my health," was his reply, as he grasped his friend's hand and shook it.

Gimp found his office rented to another man, and his law books had been sold to pay some small debts he had left unpaid. As his lease had not expired, Gimp was wrathful. He swore he would give the courts something to do, and as he wanted to resume the practice of law, he went to the City Hall to get another license. While he was waiting for the document the mayor walked into the room where the clerk was filling out the blank. Gimp recognized him at a glance, but was astounded at hearing him called:

"Mr. Mayor!"

"Are you mayor of Glendale?" he asked, in the greatest amazement, addressing Bob.

"I believe the people elected me to that office, sir," was Bob's reply; and then he took a good look at the lawyer.

"Why, Gimp!" he exclaimed, in his hearty way. "How are you? When did you get back?"

"I am very well—never better in my life, so far as health is concerned," replied Gimp. "But my business is all gone. I've got to commence anew again. Just applied for a license."

Three days later Bob was just on the point of leaving the mayor's office when Gimp called on him.

"Are we all alone here?" he asked, looking suspiciously around.

"Yes. No one can hear. In fact, the clerks have all gone home. What can I do for you?"

"You turned the tables on us nicely, didn't you?" remarked Gimp.

"How? What do you mean?"

"I mean that instead of going to sea yourself, you sent us."

"Gimp, my dear fellow, I'll give you a thousand dollars if you will sue me on that thing; it would make me governor of the State. I am indebted to you and Graham and Berry for my present position. I would like to be a governor."

Gimp was completely dumfounded, and knew not what to say. He picked up his hat and left the office of the mayor. The next day Gimp returned to New York, having concluded that he could do better there than at Glendale. He is now a gray-headed old Tombs shyster, and never tells any one that he once lived in Glendale.

Next week's issue will contain "PADDLING ON THE AMAZON; or, THREE BOY CANOEISTS IN SOUTH AMERICA."



## CURRENT NEWS

## DEER'S SWIMMING SUIT

In winter the fur of the deer is specially adapted for swimming. The hairs are composed of air cells and when the coat is about an inch long it will suffice to float him. Most of the bucks shed their antlers in January.

small patch of turnips which he will harvest later in the season.

Mr. Schneider keeps the ground in his garden well fertilized and finds that he is repaid for the care given his garden by the bountiful crops it yields.

## GROWS LARGE CROP IN QUARTER OF ACRE

The garden at the E. F. Schneider home in the southwest part of Lowry City, Mo., covers a little better than one-fourth of an acre.

From that small amount of ground Mr. Schneider has this year harvested twenty bushels of corn, forty-three bushels of potatoes, about 200 pumpkins, a bushel of onions, a bushel of cucumbers, some peppers and cabbage, and has a

## A TREE THAT MURDERS

In Kew Gardens, London, there is a specimen of a tree from Brazil which justifies its appellation of "murder tree." Its other name is clusia.

This tree throws out aerial roots which strangle every tree in the vicinity.

Birds carry the clusia seeds, dropping them in the branches of other forest growths. From the seeds roots spring toward the earth, seeking nourishment. They throw out branches which coil about neighboring trees and literally strangle them to death.

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# Breaking The Record

— OR —

## AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

"Perhaps not. There may have been woodcutters at work, and the thing got beyond them, and they got out of the way when they heard the train coming. We are not a regular, and they would not know anything about us and would not be looking out for us."

"Where are Ildone and Burns?" asked Dick. "You would think they would want to see this business."

"Oh, they'll be along shortly," Mark said, carelessly.

Dick was not satisfied and walked back to the train, where he saw nothing of either the Irishman or the suspected murderer.

"Hallo! where have they gone?" he asked himself.

There were no houses within sight where the two might have gone, and no deep woods where they might be strolling, and Dick began to feel strange and to wonder if Ildone had eluded him despite his caution.

Then he remembered about the cart he had seen, and in a moment it occurred to him that Ildone was in it.

"Well, if he is, so is Burns," he thought. "The man would not let Horace Ildone get away. It is all right, I guess."

He went back to Mark and told him that both Ildone and Burns were missing, and that he believed they had taken the cart which he had seen.

"They can't go all the way to Vladivostock in that thing," returned Mark, "and we will overhaul them in a short time."

"It is not so far to Vladivostock," Dick said, "and they can go pretty fast in one of those things."

"Well, if they don't hurry up, I think we might make better time by walking," muttered Mark. "It will mean a lot to us if we lose that boat."

The men were at work, and the tree was now off the track, but the rails were still to be replaced by new ones, and the men had not come back from the next station, whither they had been dispatched.

It was half an hour before a handcar containing the rails and men arrived, and another before the repairs were completed and the train got under way, greatly relieving Mark, who had been fretting at the delay and trying to make the men work faster.

During this time nothing had been seen of Burns and Ildone, and it was settled that they had gone in the cart.

The young millionaire had told the officers of the train to keep him posted as to the time of the

sailing of the steamer, and at the first large station where they stopped for a minute or two the conductor telegraphed ahead to get the latest information.

"The steamer leaves at noon," he said to Mark when he came back.

The other looked at his watch, and asked:

"When do you expect to get there?"

"A few minutes before that time."

"You will have to go pretty lively then," muttered Mark, putting up his watch, and in a moment the train went on.

"Can we make it? Do you know how far it is?" asked Dick.

"Well, it strikes me we will have to go pretty lively. By the way, what time have you? That is important."

"European time?"

"No, Greenwich? What are you, anyhow?"

They compared watches and found that Dick was an hour ahead of Mark.

"Oh, we are all right, I suppose, but you have less time to get it in than I have. Is not the time the same all over Europe?"

"No; but I got the time at Berlin, and that will do us very well."

"I hope so, but I never thought of a change in clocks. Russians have everything else different from most persons, and maybe their time has the same peculiarity."

"They are pretty slow themselves," added Miss Tryphena, "and in that case, if their watches are slow we have time enough."

They looked at their watches often, as they sped on, and finally, as they saw the town ahead of them, Mark said, with a tone of relief:

"We'll make it. It is not yet noon."

They ran on at good speed, and at last made the steamship pier, but saw nothing of any steamer.

"How is that?" asked Mark, looking at his watch and then at a clock in the station.

"That says one o'clock," said Dick, "and I am only twelve."

They got out in a hurry, and as the conductor and one or two others came forward, Dick pointed to the clock, and said:

"How is this? You said we would be here at noon, and it is now one."

Every watch came out, and a number of surprised expressions were heard.

Dick saw two of three of the watches, and found that they agreed with his own, but there was the clock on the station an hour fast.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "Why should that clock be an hour and one minute faster than our watches?"

The conductor called a man out of the station and held an animated conversation with him.

"The steamer sailed at noon," he said to Dick.

"There is a mistake. The time here is one hour and one minute fast of mid-Europe, and two hours and one minute faster than Greenwich time."

"Yes, I am eleven o'clock," muttered Mark.

Dick questioned the man further, and found that the steamer had sailed on time and had taken out a number of passengers.

"When is the next one?"

(To be continued.)



## GOOD READING

## FENCES FOR RESERVOIRS TO BAR SUICIDES

Commissioner Nicholas J. Hayes of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, New York, requested an appropriation of \$82,000 from the Board of Estimate for the erection of "man-proof fences" around the various city reservoirs to prevent the pollution of the water by suicides. He said there had been a large number of suicides by drowning in the municipal reservoirs in the last few years. He wanted the fences, he declared, to prevent this and also to keep thoughtless persons from throwing refuse in the water.

Of the sum asked \$35,000 is for the Central Park reservoir, \$21,000 for the Ridgewood reservoir; \$5,000 for the Highbridge reservoir, and \$5,000 for the Williamsbridge reservoir. Acting Mayor Hulbert suggested a further study of the matter.

## MORE WOMEN THAN MEN AT COLUMBIA LAST YEAR

More than 18,000 women were registered at Columbia University last year, Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard College said in an address at the laying of the cornerstone of the new women's residence hall on East Field. The enrollment figures showed only 15,194 men registered in the same time, Miss Gildersleeve added, in pointing out the immense growth of the women's department of the school.

The new building, intended for the housing of women enrolled in the university's graduate and professional schools, will cost approximately \$1,000,000. It faces on 117th street, back of the president's home and the Faculty Club. Accommodations are provided for 365 students, with rooms for administrative and social purposes, an infirmary and quarters for the Women's Faculty Club.

## LAWN MOWERS FOR TROLLEY CARS

A middle western suburban electric railway company was much troubled by heavy growths of weeds and coarse grasses on its tracks. No successful method for fighting the pests was evolved till one of its engineers hit on the idea of attaching a mowing machine to the cars themselves and letting them keep the line clear in the course of their regular trips.

A mower of the familiar type armed with a long sickle which can be raised and lowered to avoid obstructions, such as cattle guards or grade crossings, is mounted on flanged wheels to fit the tracks and is towed behind the car. A man, seated in the regular mower's spring-mounted seat, watches the track and regulates the sickle's elevation above the track level.

With only one man to operate the mower, a stretch of track can be cleared of weeds in a few hours which would have occupied the energies of a gang of laborers for a much longer time.

The mower extends a sufficient distance at each side to make a neat, clean path the full width of the car.

## ABOUT MAGNESIUM

Magnesium is the lightest metal now in use, being only two-thirds as heavy of aluminum. It remains comparatively unaltered under ordinary weather conditions. It is a beautiful silvery white metal, made in the United States only since 1915, but it has now become an organized industry here. It is known to but comparatively few people, and most of those acquainted with it recognize it as just a silvery powder used for making flashlights in photography. It was imported to this country for that purpose from Germany many years ago. During the World War large quantities of powdered magnesium were made in the United States for use in star shells designed to illuminate battlefields at night, as well as in special shells designed to show in the day time exactly where shells containing magnesium fell. The white cloud by day and the brilliant pillar of fire by night—both striking features of the battlefields of the World's War—were produced by magnesium. Magnesium in massive form, as sticks of, or rods, is used to deoxidize other metals in foundries and as a constituent of alloys. More magnesium is now used as a deoxidizer, or scavenger, in metallurgy than for any other purpose, but its employment in alloys is increasing and will probably in time exceed the use of all other metals formerly used for that purpose. An alloy of magnesium and aluminum is used for making castings for aircraft and the framework of the great dirigibles and castings for their engines and for the parts of airplanes.

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# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## GOOD TIPS

Single covered wire, such as single silk or cotton, should not be used for winding bankwound or sider-web coils.

If cardboard forms must be used to wind coils untreated cardboard is preferable to the treated kind. The shellac and varnish used in treatment affects the winding and add surprisingly large losses to coils that are used in high frequency low wave work.

## GIVE CRYSTAL ALCOHOL BATH

In receiving circuits employing crystal detectors the effective range depends to a great extent on the sensitivity of the detector. Some crystals are more sensitive than others, but even a sensitive crystal may be ruined by improper care. There are times when the action of the air on the surface of these crystals starts oxidation and prevents them from functioning properly; but a more serious trouble is caused by handling the surface of the crystal with the fingers. Where this has been done and the surface of the crystal found to be less sensitive after continued use, it should be cleaned. Sometimes a bath in alcohol will create a sensitive spot. If a crystal detector can be enclosed in glass where the hands cannot touch it, sensitivity can be maintained with greater ease.

## RADIO AND WIRE TELEPHONE

The operation of the ordinary wire telephone is compared with the operation of the radio telephone in a recent issue of the *General Electric Review*, by way of explaining in easy stages the meaning of radio communication. It is brought out clearly that the two systems have four primary units in common—some sort of energy conductor between stations, some form of energy capable of being modulated to conform with sound waves, a transmitter and a receiver. Since the type of radio equipment discussed utilizes primarily the vacuum tube, a section of the article is devoted to a description of the principles and characteristics of this device. The rest of the article shows how the transmitter modulates the radio-frequency carrier wave that it broadcasts, how the receiver by rectification of the otherwise inaudible incoming wave reproduces the sound wave and how amplification is accomplished. The article is well worth reading, if one would obtain a good elementary knowledge of radio.

## AIDS REFLEX

The heart of any reflex circuit is in the particular radio frequency transformer used. There are a few good fixed transformers, but there are many more poor ones. The best thing the radio fan can do is to make his own.

A transformer of the tuned variety consists merely of two windings on a small cardboard tube three inches in diameter and about six inches long. The first winding consists of fifteen turns of cotton covered wire of any size between No. 24 and 18. This is the "primary." A quarter of an

inch away, another coil is started, in the same direction, and continued for fifty-five turns. A tap is taken at the thirty-fifth turn. A wire is led from this tap to one contact point, and the end of the coil to another. A small switch can then be easily arranged on the panel of the set to travel over these points. This second winding is the "secondary." It is tuned by a variable condenser having a capacity of .0025 mfd., which is the equivalent of the average eleven plate instrument.

It is not practicable to use a tuned transformer like this in sets having more than one bulb, as the tuning becomes too complicated. It is ideal for single tube affairs, and will even permit the operation of a loud speaker on local stations, providing a C301A or UV201A is employed with ninety volts of B battery.

## RADIO FIGHTS SWINDLERS

Use of the radio as a weapon to combat stock swindles is being considered by the Better Business Bureau of New York. Striking results have been obtained by the Union Trust Company of Cleveland by this method.

The plan, as now operated by the Cleveland company, depends largely for its success upon the alertness of the Cleveland Better Business Commission. This commission has advisers who watch men suspected of swindling schemes, and whenever these advisers run across the trail of a man or group who are contemplating a campaign to fleece unsuspecting investors, word is sent to the Union Trust Company. This company in turn prepares a "talk" on investment, in which it tells the story of the swindler, analyzes the fraud and broadcasts as complete a description as possible as to his method of approach, his argument and finally a description of the worthless security he is trying to sell. As a concluding touch, the broadcaster warns potential investors, "Before you invest, investigate."

The trust company reports that it has built up a regular clientele who "turn in" on Station WJAX, and hundreds of letters are received on the day following each "talk" asking for more complete information regarding propositions recently placed before them by fly-by-night salesmen. A number of swindling plans have in this way been exposed to the Ohio authorities which otherwise would not have been uncovered.

## SHARPER TUNING

To many people it seems strange that a loss coupler functions without metallic connection between the primary and secondary coils. Yet how many people stop and think how strange it is that a current should pass through even a wire, or how strange it is that oscillating electrical impulses can travel through the ether and make themselves known at a receiving station.

A loose coupler consists essentially of two coils of wire, one sliding within the other. The outer or stationary coil is the primary while the inner or movable coil is the secondary. A loose coupler



is occasionally referred to as a receiving oscillation transformer or a "jigger."

The primary coil is connected in series with the antenna and the ground, the entire combination being known as the aerial circuit. The secondary coil is connected to the detector system and if necessary to other tuning devices such as variometers or variable condensers. This is referred to as the secondary circuit, the closed circuit or the detector circuit.

It is well known that when a current of electricity is passed through a coil of wire a magnetic field of force is set up about the coil. If the original current is constantly changing in amplitude and another coil of wire is brought within the field of the first coil a current will be induced in the secondary coil. This is due to the rise and collapse of the magnetic lines that pervade the coil. By varying the distance between the coils the induced current can be varied proportionately.

Close coupling sometimes gives a louder signal, but is not advisable since the lines of force about the two coils interact and make the tuning broad.

#### TRANSMITTING EFFICIENCY

In no branch of radio telegraphy has greater progress been made during the last two or three years than in the design of the grounding systems of large transmitting stations, according to Prof. G. W. O. Howe, writing in *The Electrician*. For many years the effectiveness of a station was judged by its so-called power in kilowatts, which sometimes was supposed to represent the power actually supplied to the aerial, but more often represented the power supplied by the dynamo or alternator to the transmitter. The power actually radiated from the aerial was rarely considered, though this, after all, was the only thing that mattered. It is now fully realized, however, that the only measure of the effectiveness of a station is the radiated power, and since, for a given frequency, this depends on the product of the effective height and current, this product is now specified, instead of a meaningless number of kilowatts. To obtain the maximum radiated power for a given total power delivered to the aerial, every effort is now made to reduce the various losses. These consist of the losses in the aerial wires, tuning inductances, etc., and in the towers, stays, etc., losses due to brush discharge from the wires, and last, but by no means least, losses in the earth under the aerial.

#### ANNOUNCER MUST HAVE RADIO VOICE

Replying to the criticisms of the pronunciation of announcers employed by broadcasting stations, one official points out that it is not necessarily the finest elocutionist who makes the best broadcast speaker. He said: "There is some quality of voice or manner of speaking, as yet unappreciated, which makes an ordinarily satisfactory speaker quite useless when broadcasting. When speaking by radio telephone sound and sound alone is the important factor. The elocutionist is deprived of all the arts of facial expression and personal atmosphere and has to rely on the sound of the voice alone to create the desired impression. I do not know whether broadcasting will produce

vocal artists, just as the cinema has produced its special class of actors; but if there are to be any such we have not found them yet."

Different voices are required for different events broadcast by radio. WEA's impresario discovered a voice particularly well suited for broadcasting from theatrical stages, and because this voice carried distinctly when broadcasting "Wildflower" the same announcer was selected to describe a heavyweight championship fight in Boyle's Thirty Acres. During the preliminary fights many telephone calls told WEA that the announcer's voice was not clear. A new announcer with a higher-pitch voice was substituted because the low voice blended too much with the rumbles and clamor of the crowd. The higher tones could easily be separated from the other noises in the fight arena and carried clearly through the air.

#### FIXED OR VARIABLE CONDENSERS

Condensers may be divided into two distinct types, each with a specific purpose. These types are the Fixed and Variable. In receiving circuits the fixed condenser consists of successive layers of tinfoil and waxed paper in the cheaper grades, and copper sheets and mica discs in the better grades.

These fixed condensers find their most common application in grid and phone circuits. In the grid circuit the condenser acts as an accumulator to hold the minute charges of electricity obtained from the aerial until the combined energy is sufficient to actuate the grid of the tube. In the phone circuit the condenser supplies a path of low resistance for the high frequency currents present in this circuit, particularly when regenerative action is being secured.

The variable type of condenser is by now a familiar sight to most radio enthusiasts. The capacity of these condensers depends, of course, on the area of the movable plates meshed within the stationary plates. Variable condensers are utilized primarily as a handy means of tuning. The gradation of capacity can be made so fine that the circuit in which the condenser is situated can be tuned sharply to resonance with any other circuit.

In shop talk these condensers are rated by the number of plates which they contain. This is a somewhat erroneous method, since the relative number of plates means nothing unless the size of the plates and the spacing between them are also given. But this discrepancy is not serious, since the exact capacity is never critical. Whereas a 43 plate condenser is supposed to have a maximum capacity of .001 microfarad, the mere fact that it is only .008 microfarad would not kill the action of the receiver, of which it was a part. It would, however, reduce somewhat the working wave length range of the set.

Condensers function differently in direct and alternating current circuits. Direct current cannot pass through a perfect condenser. The effect is the same as a broken circuit. But because the condenser stores up the individual charges until a certain potential is reached, which forces the charges outward again, an alternating current passes through a condenser without trouble, although the capacity of the condenser must be proportioned to the circuit and its use therein.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1924

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### THE ISLE OF PINES

The Isle of Pines has one continuous summer, the variations of temperature throughout the entire year being scarcely as great as often occur in the summer time in many of the Northern States. It is rare, indeed, that the thermometer in summer on the island registers as high as 90 degrees F., and in winter the mercury never falls below 50 degrees F.

### TURKEY GAINED 24 CENTS A POUND ON ITS WAY EAST

Out in Manvel, N. D., William Shane scrawled hurriedly on a slip of paper and tucked it inside a turkey which had just become extinct for the benefit of the great American Christmas dinner. And having wrote, Mr. Shane tossed the turkey among others bound for the East.

Otto Schulz of Little Ferry, N. J., purchased a turkey. Within he found what Mr. Shane had written:

"Dear friend," Mr. Shane had inscribed, "I sold this turkey for 22 cents a pound. Please write me what you paid."

Mr. Schulz paid 46 cents a pound. He will write.

### BURGLAR TRAP OVER DOOR BLINDS PEDDLER

The eyes of Walling Rose, peddler, of 633 Tinton avenue, the Bronx, may be saved, according to Dr Notter, of Holy Family Hospital, Brooklyn, but Rose vows that never again will he enter a room without invitation. He knocked on the door of the furnished room of John J. Huybrechtse, 531 Atlantic avenue, and, when no answer was heard, walked in.

Huybrechtse had a pail of ashes suspended over the door so that whoever entered would be showered. He says that his room has been robbed several times in the last few weeks and he arranged this device to stop a practice that was becoming habitual with some one.

The ashes contained lime, which got into the peddler's eyes. He ran into the street, calling for help.

### BOY ESCAPES BEING BURIED ALIVE

Everett Harrington, escaped lunatic from the Norwich State Hospital, was captured in Webster, Mass, the other night after trying to force Edward Pinkham, sixteen, of Danielson, to dig his own grave near Westfield Cemetery. Pinkham saved himself from being buried alive by felling the lunatic with a shovel he had turned over to him for grave digging.

The lunatic first asked the boy to help him to move a portable woodsawing camp, using this as a ruse. Harrington led him into the cemetery. He opened the doors of a tomb with a skeleton key and took from the vault a shovel, pick and crowbar, telling the boy he was going to force him to dig his own grave and bury him alive.

The demented man threatened the boy with a hatchet, threw him on the ground and began to choke him. Instead of carrying out his threat to hack him to pieces, Harrington led the boy to a spot outside the cemetery. While walking through the woods the boy hit Harrington with the shovel and knocked him unconscious. Pinkham fled and Harrington was later captured. He will be returned to the Norwich State Hospital for the Insane, from which he was paroled.

## LAUGHS

"Do you owe your downfall to demon rum?" asked the prison visitor. "I never heard of the brand," replied the convict.

Schoolmistress—Master Isaac, what wrong did the brothers of Joseph commit when they sold this brother? Isaac—They sold him too cheap.

Mrs. Crawford—I was so glad to find her out when I called. Mrs. Crabshaw—I knew you didn't like each other, so I told her when you were going to call.

Gus—The idea of his saying I had more money than brains! Quite ridiculous! Jack—That's so. Gus—Of course. Why, I haven't got a cent. Jack—Well?

Master—How dare you whistle like that in the office, Smith? Clerk—Well, sir, I thought you'd like to know I was bearing up cheerfully in spite of my miserable salary.

"So you were a shoemaker, eh? Well, why on earth did they put you in prison?" "Well, once a fellow brought me a pair of shoes to have heels put on 'em and I sold 'em."

"Madam," said Plodding Pete, "I once had a wife and family, but I couldn't be contented, so I left home." "Well, here's a turkey sandwich for you. Very few husbands are so considerate."

"Did you notice how heartily Briggs shook hands with me?" "Yes." "He wasn't satisfied with shaking one; he grabbed the two." "Yes, I suppose he thought his watch would be safer that way."



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### ICE ON THE FARM

In the production and marketing of high quality milk and cream a supply of ice on the farm is almost a necessity, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Proper cooling and cold storage are said to be the greatest factors influencing the bacterial content of milk from the time it leaves the cow until it reaches the consumer.

The Department says that farmers should, if possible, put up at least one and one-half tons of ice in the North and two tons in the South, for every cow in the milking herd. This will provide for cooling the milk, allow for melting, and provide a little surplus for household use. In late fall and early winter, when work is not pressing on the farm, a little time spent in anticipation of the ice harvest will pay good returns, Federal experts say. During this season old ice houses may be repaired and all the necessary equipment for harvesting ice provided.

### EMPLOYEES TO GET U. S. STEEL SHARES FOR \$100

Common stock of the United States Steel Corporation will be offered to employees at \$1000 a share, under the terms of the 1924 subscription plan, according to an announcement by Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the finance committee. The plan will be carried out along the lines followed in previous years, the workers being permitted to make their payments in small monthly installments, receiving a bonus of \$5 a share annually for stock held five years.

Although this year's offering is nominally limited to 100,000 shares, it is expected that all subscriptions in excess of that amount will be accepted by the management.

The 1924 offering price compares with \$107, at which stock was offered a year ago, when 41,950 employees subscribed for 100,730 shares. The record subscription was in 1921, when 255,325 shares were purchased under the partial payment arrangement at \$81 a share.

No offering of preferred stock to employees has been made by the Steel Corporation since 1914.

### HOW THE STRENGTH OF WOOD IS TESTED

Lumber used by builders has come in for a series of exhaustive tests to determine the relative strength of various sorts of woods under a compressional strain. By applying pressure to the end of a timber and increasing the force till the wood bursts, the compressional strength, or "column capacity," of the wood can be accurately measured.

For this purpose the United States Forest Service at Madison, Wis., uses a tremendous machine capable of exerting a pressure of 1,000,000 pounds. This gigantic squeezer is large enough to take timbers thirty feet in length and a foot square.

In making the tests the remarkable fact was discovered that knotty wood was practically as strong for columns as clear wood, the knots ap-

parently having very little effect on the breaking point of the timbers.

Knowledge of this fact should effect a large saving in building construction, according to the officials of the laboratory, as builders waste thousands of dollars in discarding knotted wood for columns when it could just as well be used.

Certain kinds of wood, of course, have higher column capacities than others. In one test Southern yellow pine was shown to have a resistance as high as 432,000 pounds.

### GIRLS OF CHINA KEEN FOR SCHOOL

When Ginling College, at Nanking, China, opened its doors for its present term, one girl in the newly arrived freshman class had traveled an entire month, by the slow method of locomotion prevalent in the country, and through regions infested with bandits, in order to reach the campus on time. It would have taken her no longer to reach Nanking from New York than from her home village.

The incident is told by Laura H. Wild, professor of biblical literature at Mount Holyoke College, to illustrate the great desire of Chinese women for education. Ginling, at Nanking, and Yenching, at Peking, known to American college women as the "Sister Colleges" of China, are crowded to capacity. Eight years ago Ginling started with nine students, and to-day has ninety-six.

"All the way down from Peking to Nanking," writes the American teacher, "we kept hearing of the demand for higher training, and of the inadequacy of the provisions for the needs of ambitious Chinese young womanhood. Co-education has started in both Christian and Government universities under circumstances far from ideal. Only at Ginling and at Yenching are girls looked after as they are at home.

"The most vivid impression made on the mind of the visitor is that a dam is being broken down and a flood of eagerness for the new education is about to sweep the country. At Ginling unprepared students are held back so that true college standards may be established. Only forty of the sixty candidates were admitted this year. There are no standards as yet for China's educational scheme for women. All must be forged out brand new. China will ultimately make her own; the best that America can do for her is to help her at the start to raise them high. The sight of thousands of bound feet and bound minds is sufficient argument for the helping of Americans."

Ginling has just dedicated a spacious campus and new buildings, and expects soon to accommodate 400 students. The buildings, though designed by American architects, are adapted to the Chinese style of architecture, in that respect being unlike any other American buildings in the country except those of the Rockefeller Medical School at Peking.

President Thurston of Ginling is a Mount Holyoke graduate.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

### HERE AND THERE

#### WANTS TO SHOOT ROCKET TO STRIKE THE MOON

"Work on the high altitude rocket must be supported and models supplied for actual trial flights during the coming year if America is to continue her lead in this branch of scientific research," Prof. Robert H. Goddard of Clark University declared on his return from the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Cincinnati.

At the convention, Professor Goddard announced that a speed of six miles a second would free the rocket from the earth's attraction, and once free it might go on until it struck the moon or another planet.

He had reported on the work done by him during the year and stated that the results of his investigation on the rocket made reasonably certain the opening of a new field of scientific endeavor.

"Meteorology is the coming field in science," he said, "and if this country wishes to continue its work on a theory that was first published and experimented on in America, the work must be strongly supported."

The feasibility and importance of the work was stressed by Professor Goddard because of his recent experiments. He thinks that with proper co-operation a trial flight may be made this year.

The rocket offers unusual opportunity for advance in meteorology, he pointed out, because the atmosphere beyond the twenty to thirty-mile stratum is beyond the range of the airplane. The rocket operates better in a vacuum than it does in the atmosphere, and the rarified atmosphere of a high altitude is very conducive to successful experiment in both astronomy and terrestrial magnetism, Professor Goddard said.

#### SADDLEMAKER, 103, STILL AT HIS BENCH

In November, 1923, Charles Quick of Vancouver, B. C., began his 103d year of life—active life. He is the oldest saddlemaker in the world, and probably the only man in the world who at over a hundred years of age goes daily to his work and makes as good saddles at 103 as he did at thirty. Down on Powell street, Quick conducts his business.

He is jolly, active, with booming commanding voice, a pair of eyes that see as clearly as when he was a boy. His hair is thick and his beard is long, giving him the look of sixty rather than a century. He is still a master craftsman, and on his birthday recently, to show that the years set lightly upon him, he sat down at a sewing machine and mapped out on a piece of paper an intricate and clever pattern.

Quick is also an inventor of some note. Fifty-three years ago he made the first sewing machine for harness work. This machine, affectionately called by him "Betty," still stands in his shop in Vancouver.

Possessor of several fortunes, Quick traveled widely, and his reminiscences of famous campaigns, coronations and other notable events make him an interesting companion.

Though an Englishman, Quick fought through the Civil War on the Union side. A quarter of a century ago he invested his fortune in San Francisco. The earthquake came and swept it away. Yet, at an age when most men have already passed to their graves, and those that have not are no longer active, Quick came to Vancouver, and here to-day he makes saddles of a kind which are famous the world over.

Happy and contented, he has begun his second century. Looking back at the past with few regrets, he still thinks of the future, and believes another quarter century may easily be his lot.

#### THE DRAGON FLY

There are many creatures on wings that the eye is unable to follow, but there are few, if any, that excel or even equal the dragon fly. They are one of the most attractive of all insects, and by whatever name they are known, whether "snake feeder," "snake doctor," "devil's darning needle," "flying adders," as they are called in Scotland, or "horse stingers," as they are called in England, they have always been the subject of much superstition. Their food is varied. Most species live on insects, though some, especially in the larva state, are known to subsist to some extent on aquatic insects and even small fish. The adults are very voracious and down many houseflies and mosquitoes.

One authority states that he held one captive and fed it more than three dozen live houseflies with two hours.

After being chloroformed, though insufficiently to cause death, upon reviving and while still impaled on a pin it will eat almost any insect presented. The food is captured while on the wing. They are estimated to fly at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour and their aim is unerring.

The female crawls down the stem of some water plant and deposits her eggs below the surface. In most species the end of the body is provided with a sort of cutting instrument by which she makes a slit in the stem of the plant and therein lays her eggs. Some two or three species have no such cutting facilities and the eggs are laid loosely in the water or attached to the stem of some plant.

Dragon flies are migratory and have been observed flying in a southwesterly direction in swarms for miles in extent. They were but a foot above the ground and as high up as the eye could see.

More than two thousand species have been described and of these about three hundred inhabit the United States.

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## ANIMALS' EYES

No two animals have eyes exactly alike. In every case they are adapted to the special needs of their owner.

The eyes of flesh-eating creatures are closer together than those of vegetarians. This is said to be due to the habit which the former have of fixing their gaze on their victims before springing. Human eyes are closer together than those of any other creature that eats flesh.

Tigers, lions, cats and others of the same family are unable to see at great distances, but for objects near at hand their sight is very keen. Lions and tigers have round pupils, which grow bigger when the animal is angry.

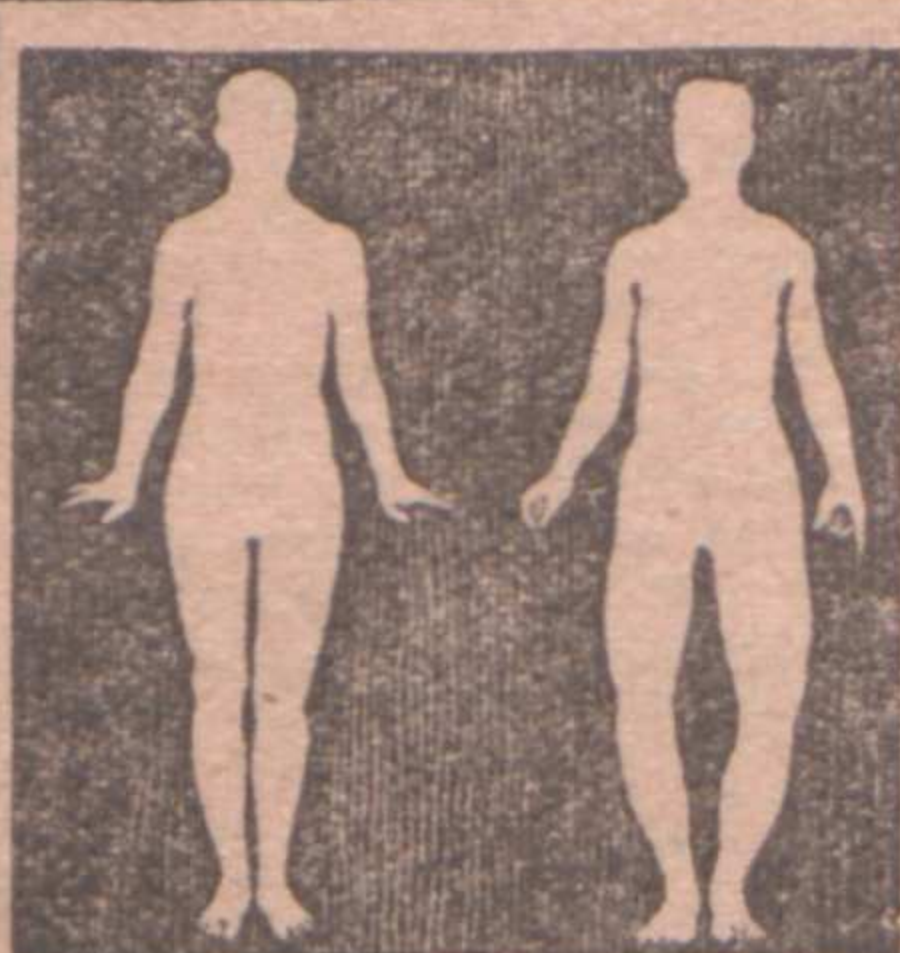
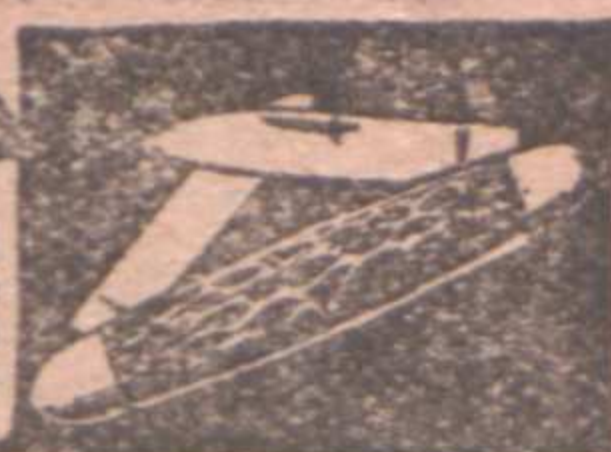
Cats have pupils which can be dilated enormously. In the dark, or when the cat is angry, the pupils look almost round. In the first case, what little light there is is reflected by the retina, which is the explanation of the fact that a cat's eyes look green at night.

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